

The Nation.

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The Week.

For another week Virginia has afforded Congress its main business. The debates in the House, which grew towards the last to be very animated, closed on Friday with the unexpected passage of Mr. Bingham's bill, declaring Virginia entitled to representation in Congress, for the simple reason that she had complied with the requirements of the act providing for her restoration. The Senate debated its own bill till Monday, with a good deal of personality and a great waste of words and time, and then abandoned it incontinently for that of the House, which, as we write, seems likely to pass, though not improbably saddled with an amendment of Mr. Edmunds's, expelling members from the Legislature disqualified by the Fourteenth Amendment. This may amuse or please somebody, but it would leave the essential facts of the Virginia case just as they are. A bill has been introduced looking to Congressional interference with the performances in Tennessee. If it passes, which is very unlikely a job will have been undertaken in the line of reconstruction which none of this generation will see finished.

The Virginia case is causing no small bitterness and excitement in Congress. General Butler heads the opposition in the House, and is followed by about the same devoted band of Republicans who voted with him last session to cheat the public creditors by taxing the interest on their bonds. When the condition of the various irons he has in the fire in the lower branch will permit it, he transfers himself swiftly to the Senate Chamber, and acts as bottle-holder to Mr. Sumner, whom he sponges and supports between his rounds with the traitorous conservatives who are in that branch of Congress, indulging in their favorite amusement of betraying the good and true. A petition presented last week from loyal Virginians against the admission of the State, and which was, to say the least, peculiar in its terms, led to an encounter of unusual ferocity between Mr. Sumner and Mr. Trumbull, in which "they handled each other without gloves," Mr. Sumner relying a good deal on the argument *a gaudio infidelium*, and Mr. Trumbull making a dreadful exposure of one C. H. Porter, who, as a persecuted loyalist, has been acting of late as a kind of prompter or attorney to Mr. Sumner in his opposition to the bill. It appeared—we blush as we write it—that Porter was tried by court-martial during the war for having been drunk and disorderly, at Norfolk, for an indefinite period, and also for having while sober abused the United States Government in the grossest terms, and expressed in profane but forcible language his preference for that of Jeff. Davis. He was convicted and punished on both charges. The number of saints like this at the South whom reconstruction will force into either crime or industry, we fear is very large.

The organization of the Legislature in Georgia is proceeding under the superintendence of a military board, the two factions into which the Republican party is now divided being in the wildest state of excitement. Bullock, the provisional Governor, who made the arrangements with General Butler by which the State was put out of the Union, and a new oath concocted for the legislators, is accused of manipulating the reconstruction process with the view of securing his own election to the Senate—which, indeed, his enemies say, was the source of his objection to the old Legislature—and of fraud in so doing, and General Terry has had to call the good man to order. Bryant, another Republican, and Union soldier, and late postmaster at Augusta, heads the opposition to him, and is supported by the whites and moderate Republicans. On the opening day of the reorganization of the Legislature, the Radicals were carrying things with a high hand,

and Bryant protested, whereupon he was charged with drawn pistols, his friends "rallied round him," and it seemed likely for some minutes the floor would be dyed with the commingled gore of these two schools of politicians. The Bryant party are filing protests against the whole proceeding as illegal and void, and the whole scene at Atlanta is one of the greatest confusion, from which it is impossible to see what anybody but intriguing politicians can gain anything. The leader of the colored radicals is Alpeoria Bradley, who served, we are glad to say, a tolerably long term in the State Prison.

We have several times said our say in regard to Republican political management in Tennessee during the last five years; and, as our readers know, we have been better able to give our sympathy than our respect to the managers. For years the Unionists of Tennessee were doubtless most sorely tried, and their past miseries were, when they came to legislate, their temptation and their partial excuse; but how little wise they were in their generation the event has proved. Nor does it appear as yet that they have not something more to learn. They are again demanding that Congress should put the State under Federal control, as being threatened with by-and-by having a government not "republican in form." The late Legislature, elected with Senter, was in many of its acts as wise and temperate as if all its members had been born and educated at Mr. Nasby's Confedrit Cross-Roads. Even the wildness of their predecessors was good sense and sound learning compared with much of the legislation of the new Democratic Solons. Among other things that they did was to order the election of a convention which should revise the Constitution—the end in view being to take away from the negroes certain rights which they now enjoy. The election has been held, and, of course, a vast majority of the members of the convention are gentlemen who have never at any time been troubled by any non-Scriptural views in relation to Onesimus. But it seems that in the present Constitution it is ordained that amendments are not to be made by a convention; that each amendment is to be proposed in the Legislature; that then the next Legislature is to submit it to the people; and the next Legislature in session after such submission has been made is to declare the amendment ratified—a part of the State's organic law. So Senator Brownlow is declaring the convention a revolutionary body, asserting that under the new Constitution Tennessee will have a government not republican in form, and is demanding that the United States shall interfere. There is a probability that he will have some supporters. This action that he asks for—if it were possible that Congress should decide it feasible and advisable—would have the effect of making the Tennessee Democrats wait some two or three years before they could accomplish all their desires, or, rather, before the statute-book would afford evidence that they had done so. The difficulty of the case, and of all cases like it, so far as regards the Federal Government, is this—supposing the government of Tennessee to be overturned as "not republican in form," the only government we can substitute for it will be a military government or a government of the minority. What will that be? Moreover, there is no such thing known to American jurisprudence as a "revolutionary body." A body not possessing legal power is simply a public meeting.

The Fifteenth Amendment gets on. Rhode Island, Minnesota, and Mississippi have ratified it during the week along with Kansas; and Ohio has made a beginning with its Senate. The need of it is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the Democratic proposition before the Illinois Constitutional Convention, to insert "white" in the new instrument, and submit the striking out of the word to a separate popular vote—thus, of course, greatly increasing the chance of its being retained.

Mr. Sumner has introduced a financial scheme into the Senate which proposes to issue a series of three loans of \$500,000,000 each, at five,

four and a half, and four per cent., the first ten-forties, the second fifteen-fifties, and the third twenty-sixties; to enlarge the National Bank circulation to \$500,000,000, but cancelling an amount of greenbacks proportionate to the increase, which increase is to be secured by a deposit of the new bonds in the usual manner, and to make greenbacks receivable at par for customs duties whenever the premium on gold shall fall to five per cent. Mr. Sumner's idea is, that the rate of interest and length of these loans would make them acceptable, and enable the Government to offer the holders of the six per cent. bonds their choice of coin or new bonds; and he thinks the proper use of the latter would bring all the United States securities to par, and enable the Government to resume specie payment without difficulty and at once. Mr. Sherman has also introduced a bill for the expansion of the currency to the tune of forty millions. There is little use in commenting on all these measures, brought in from time to time by individual members. The finances of a great nation cannot be managed in this way. Somebody has to take authorized charge of the matter, and be permitted to make the plans. Any other system breeds chaos. It ought to be the Secretary of the Treasury, and he ought to have the means of explaining and defending them before the body which is to adopt or reject them, which he now has not. Or if the work is to be done by the committees, they ought not to be made up, as they are largely, of the attorneys of particular "interests." Nay, connection with an "interest" ought to disqualify a man for a seat on them.

Mr. Commissioner Wells is catching it, but then he catches other people sometimes. Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, a member of the Committee of Ways and Means, and heavily interested in iron and coal, made a long attack on him in the House last week, teeming, as usual, with insulting personalities, and the *New York Tribune* publishes it full length, though it did not dare to publish the report to which it is a reply—one of those pieces of professional dishonesty which make the success of a certain class of newspapers as teachers and guides one of the puzzles of the Christian era. Mr. Kelley, also, we need hardly say, is fully satisfied that Mr. Wells is paid for his report by foreign manufacturers, repeats his assertion of it incessantly, which is nothing very wonderful, considering the kind of mind Mr. Kelley's is; but what is wonderful is, that he does not see the ludicrousness of such things coming from a man who, in defending protection in the legislature, is actually defending his own pocket and that of his personal friends, and makes no secret of it. We do not say that this affects his honesty, or that he does not sincerely believe that the success of his opinions would enure to the national advantage as well as his own; but then is it not surprising that an advocate who is himself in this position should not see the impropriety of impugning his opponent's motives on similar grounds?

One of Mr. Wells's peculiarities is that his explanations and defenses are, on the whole, a great deal more unpleasant reading for his enemies than his reports. In the last report, he set down the cost of producing pig-iron in America at \$24 to \$26 a ton currency; the cost of English or Welsh pig, at \$27 12, counting gold at 133, to which have to be added freight, insurance, and other expenses, before it can be delivered in this country. But the average price of American pig during the year 1869 was from \$36 to \$38, from which Mr. Wells deduces the not unnatural conclusion that the present duty of \$9 a ton is unnecessarily high, and has taken from eight to ten dollars a ton out of the pockets of the American people during the past year without necessity, and that \$3 a ton duty will give American manufacturers all the protection they need. To which Mr. Kelley replied that Mr. Wells had corruptly erred with regard to the cost of producing American iron, and presented a petition from thirteen prominent Pennsylvania iron manufacturers, begging Congress not to believe the Commissioner, and declaring that the cost of production was over \$29 a ton, and calling loudly for the data on which his estimate was based. Whereupon the remorseless Wells produces, as his authorities, Mr. G. T. Lewis, of Tennessee, a "thoroughly experienced iron manufacturer," and endorsed as such by the Pottsville (Penn.) *Mining Journal*; Professor Waterhouse, of the Washington University, Missouri, reporting under the auspices of the Governor, the St. Louis Board of Trade, and Union

Merchants' Exchange; and Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, of this city, another great iron manufacturer. There is one joke in the reply, but it is not a bad one. Messrs. Brown, Bonnel & Co., of Youngstown, Ohio, writing to Professor Waterhouse for his report in aid of emigration last year, as to the cost of iron, assured him that "they produced pig-iron at \$25 a ton." But when the Commissioner's report appeared, a meeting of iron manufacturers was held in this same Youngstown, Dec. 31, at which it was resolved that Mr. Wells's assertion that the cost of iron "was from \$24 to \$26 was utterly untrue," and Mr. Joseph H. Brown, of this same firm of Brown, Bonnel & Co., was put on a deputation to go to Washington to lobby against his recommendations. A good memory is apparently as necessary in the iron manufacture as in some other callings. We should add that the Pennsylvania manufacturers refused to give the Commissioner any information whatever, so he was forced to take Mr. Hewitt's testimony that the cheapest place to produce iron in this country was the banks of the Lehigh River. The *Tribune* takes no notice of this rejoinder. How does Mr. Greeley defend this sort of editing, on grounds of morality? We should really like to know, and ask in a candid spirit.

A correspondent writes to us from Indianapolis, in reply to some of our strictures on the divorce laws of Indiana, alleging that the badness of those laws—which he admits—is not an indication of "the inherent depravity of the citizens," which we never asserted; that the origin of those laws is lost in the night of time, but is supposed to have been either a "desire to encourage immigration, or to have been mixed up with some case of special legislation." If the settlers, however, were not particular about the kind of immigration they attracted, the total abolition of marriage would, we think, have peopled the State far more rapidly than easy divorce. The discredit which, in most parts of the country, now attaches to concubinage, is a source of real discomfort to large numbers of energetic, pushing persons, and if there had been a State in which "the freedom of love" was frankly recognized by law, thirty or forty years ago, we have no doubt it would, by this time, be one of the most populous in the Union. Our correspondent adds, that the main obstacle in the way of reform has, hitherto, been the ordinary dislike of people to change the laws to which they had become accustomed on a matter so delicate as marriage; but public sentiment has been roused, he says, by recent events, and there is now a willingness, as well as determination, to make whatever modifications are necessary to prevent the State being made the sanctuary of matrimonial malefactors and malcontents. Governor Baker promises, in a correspondence with Dr. Lilienthal, the Jewish Rabbi in Cincinnati, to use his best efforts with the Legislature in the coming session in favor of reform.

We hope it will be remembered in the debates that marriage differs from other civil contracts in that it affects the rights of third parties, who are helpless and incompetent to protect themselves—children; that the manner of entering into it and dissolving it affects the family, which is the basis of civil society, and in the preservation and purity of which nearly everything that is good in civil society depends; and that, therefore, the contract of every married couple is, in a certain sense, the concern of every other man and woman in the community; and, lastly, in that, inasmuch as one of its objects is the regulation of a powerful passion, that passion is constantly at work for its dissolution, and that "incompatibility of temper" may be, and we have no doubt is, in nine cases out of ten, a euphemism for satiety and desire of change, and that easy divorce may become, in practice, a cover for the most revolting libertinage, of which women would, wherever they became plenty, be the chief victims.

There are few things of the kind more curious than the difficulty English writers have in grasping the *New York Herald*. That journal remains to this hour a complete puzzle to them, but a fascinating puzzle, over which no accounts from this side of the water of the decline of its influence prevent them from cudgelling their brains. In fact, they apparently look on it as the organ of a distinct philosophy, to which they are for ever trying to find the key. Its humor they have never comprehended, and apparently never will; indeed, it is doubtful whic-

ther, without the local atmosphere, anybody can. When it got up the Miles O'Reilly hoax, and reported the speeches made at the banquet given to that hero, it made General Dix, in discussing the St. Albans raid, claim what he called "the right of hot pursuit"—that is, of following fugitives over the border in unbroken chase—as a recognized rule of international law. The town here was in a roar over the speech, but the *Saturday Review* gravely tackled the General and made mincemeat of him. It showed that no such right ever existed, that no mention was made of it by text writers, and read him a severe lecture on his unscrupulousness in inventing it; though, considering the nation to which he belonged, one could hardly be surprised at it. The *Herald* is now engaged in the production of a batch of those profane jokes in which it has always excelled, and the fun of which consists partly in their grotesqueness, and partly in their blasphemy—in the shape of burlesque sermons, with a text taken from the Bible, in its Sunday edition. They are doubtless the composition of a young man with a talent for buffoonery and no particular belief on any subject, and their object is to make a laugh in the bar-rooms. But to our serious contemporary the London *Spectator*, they are the solemn utterances of a wild and outlandish faith. In its last number it subjects one of them, which shows that New York is to be the holy city of the future, to a careful, though of course contemptuous, examination, as something "formidable," as a "confused and sensational exaggeration of the industrial arts into mighty spiritual powers"—as, in short, a revelation of tendencies "which seem more and more likely to undermine Christianity altogether." How the concocters of the trash must enjoy their English commentators over their evening toddy!

It is not often that the newspaper accounts of a contemporaneous event are so confusing as the correspondents' letters about the Ecumenical Council. The painful truth seems to be that not one of them knows anything worth repeating of what is passing behind the scenes, and they are all consequently reduced to speculation, to which, however, they make desperate efforts to give an appearance of body. It is said that some of the bishops are leaky; but then even the leakiest Catholic bishop is as unpromising a subject as a newspaper man ever took in hand. Of what is going on outside the Council, however, we get, by putting a great many versions together, a tolerable idea, and it may be said to be in substance this: A strong opposition went to Rome, composed almost exclusively of German (including Hungarian) and French bishops—the former under the lead of Cardinal Schwartzberg, and the latter of Bishop Dupanloup, both able, energetic, and independent men. The Cardinal is a secular as well as ecclesiastical prince, a member of a great house, and enormously wealthy; and Dupanloup is well known to our readers as a man who means what he says, and is not easily disposed of. The difficulties of organizing the opposition, though, partly owing to difference of language, partly to the skill displayed by the papal functionaries in lodging the malcontents, have been almost insurmountable. Moreover, a good many who were very brave at home seem to have been struck, when at Rome, with that awe of the Pope which is one of the most striking results of Catholic training, and have showed the white feather. The recusants, however, made sufficient show of resistance at the outset to upset the Jesuit plan of having the dogma of the infallibility adopted by a *coup de main*, as the soldiers say, and as the priests say by an *afflatus*, or blast of divinely inspired enthusiasm. Delay taking place, they set about signing a protest against the papal mode of arranging the whole proceedings, when, to their astonishment, Schwartzberg, their foremost man, gave way, refused to sign, and is now in a state of moral collapse, an object of pity to friends and foes. The effect of this defection on the opposition is thought likely to be disastrous; but the fate of the infallibility is still in doubt. The doctors are said to be agreed now that adoption without discussion would be dangerous, and discussion, as involving time and risks of all kinds, is also dangerous. The bishops *in partibus*, two hundred strong, are curiously enough serving the Pope in good stead. They are not learned, nor permeated by "modern ideas," but are devout and devoted. The latest news speaks, however, of the opposition having been once more roused and concentrated by an attempt to get a petition for the dogma signed.

The Pope, in the meantime, follows up his advantage, and nearly every week drops a bomb into the enemy's camp, which shakes their nerves, and drives them in on their last line of defence. His last is a "Constitution," limiting and defining excommunications *late sententie*, that is, excommunications which follow certain offences, *ipso facto*, as matters of course—specially reserving whole batches of them for his own jurisdiction—that is, withdrawing from the local bishops the power of raising them. Some of these excommunications touch the relations between church and state very closely—that, for instance, which befalls anybody who compels a lay judge to summon an ecclesiastic before him, or "put forth laws or decrees against the rights or liberties of the Church." It is quite plain that, whatever else the Council may do, there is one thing it is sure to do, and that is, furnish materials for an indefinite series of broils between the clergy and Catholic governments.

Affairs in Spain become more and more complicated. Prim has been persistently urging the Duke of Genoa as a candidate for the crown, though the Duke and his mother say he will, under no circumstances, accept it; and Victor Emmanuel is apparently not particularly eager that he should. In the meantime, the suggestion apparently makes no progress either with the Cortes or the public, and Prim's support of it is attributed to his hatred of Montpensier. Señor Castelar has delivered one of his great speeches against it, in which he denounced the House of Savoy for several generations, besides paying some attention to the Bourbons, of whom he has, of course, an equally low opinion. His power of invective is wonderful, and his command of the Cortes seems to grow. He was loudly applauded. All other parties except the Prim party seem in the meanwhile to gain ground. The Carlists are again raising their heads, and there is talk of a union between them and the Christinists—if that term be still applicable to the adherents of Isabella—in support of the claims of the Duke of Madrid. Nobody gains so much by the delay as the republicans. Prim, whose main support is now in the army, is becoming an object of increasing suspicion, and there is constant talk of a *coup d'état*.

The Austrians have concluded a new treaty with China also; but, like the British, not with Mr. Burlingame, but through their own legation at Berlin. It has a most-favored-nation clause, and consequently gets for Austria all that other nations have got, but is in some ways peculiar. The Chinese refuse to allow foreign consuls to trade, so that the Austrians will have to pay their regular salaries in the minor ports or dispense with them altogether. They also made an effort to secure special privileges for Chinese converts to the Catholic faith, exempting them from native jurisdiction, but the Chinese resolutely refused to concede it, and the Austrians did not insist on it, whereat there is much indignation at Rome; but the Chinese are unquestionably right.

The relations of Great Britain to her colonies have for some time past formed the subject of anxious deliberation on the part of a body of gentlemen calling themselves "Australian colonists in England," and holding conferences in London, from which they sent deputations to the Prime Minister, and were even issuing summonses to all the other colonies to send representatives to a grand pow-wow to be held in London, to urge the consolidation of the empire by bringing the colonies into closer dependence on the parent state. The news of these performances has reached Australia, and the result is a torrent of ridicule and abuse. The Australian press says that the "colonists" are a parcel of presumptuous nobodies, not one of whom could get elected to any legislature in the colony. At Melbourne their performances formed the subject of a debate in the Assembly, where they were severely denounced, and a resolution passed, asserting the desire of the colony of Victoria to maintain its connection with England for an indefinite period, but repudiating all attempts to make that dependence anything more than a personal union through the sovereign, and declaring the readiness of the colony to take care of itself in all matters whatsoever, in peace or war.

THE CURE FOR THE SOUTH.

THE question of the admission of Virginia will probably have been settled before this reaches our readers, and, if there were no other States still to apply, we might let the subject drop. But the discussion the case of Virginia has called forth, as well as the policy which is in course of execution in Georgia, has revealed a state of mind on the part of some Republicans which is pretty sure to raise again the very points which Congress is now passing upon. Nay, the very demand which we already hear for the relegation of Tennessee to a territorial condition, by way of punishing her for the conduct of her Legislature, promises to carry us into a still stranger and more difficult region than any we have yet traversed in the work of reconstruction.

It is impossible to deny most of the assertions which the advocates of the continued infliction of pains and penalties on the South make as to the temper of the people and the administration of criminal justice. We suppose it would be easy to count on one's fingers the number of "repentant rebels" south of Mason and Dixon's line—that is, of men who are not simply sorry on grounds of expediency for having revolted against the Government of the United States, but who look on their conduct with horror as sinful and immoral, and therefore needing to be expiated by some process of atonement or purification; and yet it is this latter kind of repentance that some radical Republicans are clamoring for as a condition of reconstruction. In other words, they refuse to consider an ex-Confederate a good citizen, and entitled to his political rights, unless, besides acknowledging that he has been foolish, he also acknowledges that he has been wicked.

That ninety-nine hundredths of the Southern people, however, will make no such confession, and are satisfied that the rebellion was not wicked, but holy and glorious, is quite true. We cannot gainsay it; but for the purposes of our argument we do not need to gainsay it. All we have to say about it is, that this state of affairs presents to the people of the United States a new problem of which they have hitherto only read, but with which they have never had to deal, though it is one of the familiar problems of history, over which the statesmen of the Old World have been cudgelling their brains for a thousand years. That problem is, how to deal with a disaffected population, who, whether rightly or wrongly, look on us as oppressors and themselves as victims, and hate us accordingly. We may feel satisfied that they are mistaken, but this does not help us to a solution. Their delusion is simply one of the symptoms of their disease; and dwelling on it perpetually as a reason for not going any further strikingly resembles the conduct of a doctor who should keep constantly repeating his diagnosis, but stoutly refuse to prescribe any medicine until the patient's condition became more satisfactory to him. It so happens, however, that we have by us a recipe for just such cases in which we have the utmost confidence, which we have been recommending to foreign powers ever since the foundation of the United States Government. It consists simply in conciliation; in giving the disaffected the management of their own affairs as far as possible; and in constantly presenting the sovereign force of the country to them in the attitude of a protector, or help, or agent, and not that of a schoolmaster, or taskmaster, or inquisitor. And the theory of this remedy—the theory, indeed, which underlies the whole American system—is that men in the mass on the whole incline towards good rather than towards evil, and will, if let alone, improve in morals and manners; and in support of the soundness of this theory we constantly point to the whole history of civilization. The world has progressed, not by means of government checks and stimulants, but largely in spite of them. The South affords us just now a field for the trial of the theory such as we have never had. If it will not stand this test, if we dare not try it at the South, we ought in decency to give up urging it on the attention of the Spaniards and British, and ought to be ashamed of having once urged it on the Austrians.

Besides, the plan of bringing communities to the frame of mind in which other people think they ought to be, by coercion, has been frequently tested before our eyes, and has always failed, and failed lamentably. There is hardly a government in Europe which has not resorted to it, and the great triumph of liberalism which we are now witnessing there means simply that the plan is being everywhere

abandoned, and people are being left to their own devices. Since they can't be made good, statesmen are saying, let them get good in their own way. If the people of the South will not of themselves reach the conclusion that honesty is the best policy, that crimes of violence and injustice towards individuals are injuries to the community, that every man is interested in the maintenance of order and justice, then free government on this continent is a failure.

But it may be said that Southern disloyalty is peculiar in this: that it is accompanied by or results in hostility towards the freedmen—or, in other words, that the Southern problem is complicated by the existence of intense caste feeling; that, if it consisted simply in hostility towards the Government, it would be simple enough, and what we say would probably apply; but that the "unrepentant rebel" shows the hardness of his heart in oppressing his colored neighbor. The answer to this argument lies in the question, Are we prepared to protect his colored neighbor?—in other words, to provide an efficient police for the South, and maintain it there until society has become peaceable and law-abiding. Everybody acknowledges that we are not. We offer the colored man not one shred of real defence against any of the outrages or exactions to which he is exposed. We have no force for the purpose, and no one—not even General Butler or Mr. Sumner—proposes to provide one. The operations of the Ku Klux Klan are all forbidden by law already. There is not a State in the South in which robbery and murder and arson, and the taking even of colored people into the woods and flogging them, is not an indictable offence, punishable with death or imprisonment. What is wanted, therefore, is not fresh legislation, but improved means of executing the law. Now, the instruments of justice are courts and police. We have seen that we do not propose to supply police. But is the supply of improved courts part of the reconstruction policy? Not at all. The courts remain just as they are. Offences are still to be tried by jury. Moreover, there is no machinery provided for the efficient supervision of judicial proceedings at the South. Power of removing officials is indeed lodged in the hands of the commanding general; but he can only exercise it in rare cases—or, in other words, just often enough to irritate, and not often enough to improve, the administrative machinery. Moreover, even the little good he can do by his supervision is neutralized by the knowledge which everybody has that his rule is temporary. People submit to his interference with the hope of being able to make up for it after he is gone.

In fact, the reconstruction process has no social power whatever. It is purely political in its nature and effects. It sees to the form of the constitution, and to the composition of one legislature; which is all very well in its way, and, as regards the relation of the State as a whole to the Union at large, was after the war indispensable. But it contains no ingredient which reaches the relations of man to man. The maintenance of the States under "military rule," as we see it in Georgia, simply puts one political faction, for the time being, above another, and amuses the public with the spectacle of a State made "loyal" by having the representatives of the people picked and sorted and ticketed by a military officer. It, in other words, introduces into American politics, in a more offensive form, the system of "official candidates," which poor Napoleon has for the last eighteen years been trying in France, with much the same delusive hopes by which some of our Radical brethren seem to be now buoyed up. It gives a minority a short and speedy method of keeping the State offices to themselves, without the trouble of making their lives or opinions acceptable to the people whom they profess to represent; but it does not make any poor man happier or more secure in his cabin; it does not make him surer of justice when he goes into court, or surer of his wages after he has earned them, or soften the hearts of his neighbors towards him, or train him in the art, of so much importance in politics, of acting with others, or of getting others to act with him. The evils of the present social and political condition of the South are indisputable, but they are not curable by legislation. They are things which will only disappear slowly, and will never disappear except under the influence of a general improvement in Southern society, which is another way of saying that, when individual Southerners are more intelligent, industrious, and humane than they now are, the weaker members of the community will be better off.

THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THERE is, perhaps, nothing in the crisis through which France is passing more striking than the evidence it affords of the immense progress which the country has made in political education within the last twenty years. The Revolution of 1848 nearly every Frenchman now feels to have been an immense disaster; but then it is clearer and clearer every day that it was not the fault of the people so much as of the King. The agitation which preceded it was conducted in a perfectly legitimate manner, and it was directed against a palpable abuse—the restriction of the suffrage to 200,000 persons, out of a population of nearly 40,000,000. The rising in February, 1848, was not a natural or proper consequence of it. There was no good reason for supposing the Government would not have eventually given way to the pressure of opinion, and it was to the pressure of opinion the agitators expected it to give way. The armed rising was literally the work of a small mob, and the nation was astounded to find that the King, to whose safe-keeping the existing order of things was committed, as soon as he heard the mob was coming, instead of calling for the troops, called a hack, and left for parts unknown. He evidently had not learned the very rudiments of his trade.

The effect of his course on the Parisian population was most calamitous. It is impossible to overrate the mischief which is done when the mob of a large city find that they can, with a trifling exertion of their own strength, overpower the constituted authorities; and this lesson which the Parisian mob learnt in 1830 was more deeply impressed on them by the events of 1848. The effect on the mob, however, was not the whole of the mischief worked by those events. The middle classes, and indeed all classes which cared either for property or order, were terror-stricken at finding constitutional government so feeble. The theatre, the Chambers, the freedom of the press, were all very well; but, if a few hundred men in blouses could sweep them away by a few shots, and lay the capital for days at the mercy of the dangerous classes, they were nothing better than pernicious luxuries. These dismal feelings were confirmed by the events of the following June. The terrible conflicts of that month were the natural results of the hopes roused by what had occurred in February. Indeed, before the year was out the foundations of the Empire were laid; the indiscretions of the Assembly in 1851 only revealed the progress the work had made.

The Revolutions of 1830 and 1848 thus created an immense difficulty in the way of all regular and peaceful political agitation, by inspiring one class with the idea that it was not necessary, and another with the idea that it was hopeless. The result was that many Frenchmen resigned themselves to the conclusion that France could only find refuge from anarchy in despotism, because a government which was strong enough to resist revolution would have to be despotic. A conclusion better calculated to inflict political paralysis on a community it would be hard to think of.

What is now occurring shows that whatever mischief the Empire may have worked in other ways, it is, by its present mode of dealing with political discontent, drawing the French public slowly but steadily out of this slough of despond. The results which have attended the persistent efforts of a few brave men during the last eighteen years have shown the French public that, as long as there exists any space, however small, in which even half-a-dozen can speak out their mind, no cause is hopeless and no tyranny crushing. The few Opposition deputies who in the second year of the Imperial régime took their stand against it with the tongue alone, have afforded their countrymen a lesson such as they never had in the efficacy of peaceful discussion. Incessant talking, in season and out of season; the continual protest, day by day and year by year, of a few lawyers has at last overthrown personal government and revived public life in France. Frenchmen have never before seen as much, or, indeed, anything worth mention, in the way of political reform accomplished without fighting.

But then it must be borne in mind that this lesson could hardly have been learnt had the Government been less strong and less unscrupulous. It is one of the striking illustrations of the way in which men's misfortunes sometimes help to train them, that the enormous concentration of military force in the hands of a remorseless usurper in the

Tuileries should prove the means of forcing on the French people the knowledge of the strength which lies in patience and persistence. If, last fall, the Reds had had their own way, they would have reopened the revolutionary period; and there has been no régime in France since 1789 which such an incident as the murder of Noir would not have overturned. As matters stand, however, the capital is surrounded by an overwhelming force, which makes a resort to arms appear mad even to the most hot-headed malcontent, and the popular indignation is forced to find vent in constitutional channels, and, in finding vent, widens and deepens them, and strengthens the popular confidence in their strength and capacity. It is impossible to overestimate the gain to the nation of having such a crisis pass away without disorder or tumult, and without destroying any of its existing liberties. It is really the dawning of a new era. It means the substitution, in the French agitator's head, of the idea that somebody ought to be roused or stimulated or persuaded, for the idea that somebody ought to be killed; and this is a triumph not for France simply, but for civilization; and we owe it, strange to say, in part to one of the faults of the Empire.

It is impossible to say at this distance, and with the amount of news as yet in our possession, what is the exact nature of the impression produced on the public mind by the Noir murder. Even the facts are in doubt; but appearances are all against the Prince. A man who invites another to come or send to his house for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a duel, and receives the emissaries in his own room with a pistol in his pocket, will find difficulty in persuading people that he did not bring on the conflict for which he was so terribly prepared. Moreover, "the code" is in France too familiar to every man, and everybody in the fighting world is too conversant with its formalities, to make anything like chance medley very likely during the negotiations common in such cases. In the present case, the journalists were probably too much flattered at the prospect of an affair with a man of the Prince's position to make it very likely that they said or did anything calculated to spoil the fight, while his contempt for them, combined with the natural violence and eccentricity of his character, renders it very easy to believe that he was insolent from the first, and quite ready to use the weapon which he acknowledges he had ready in his pocket. In estimating the effect of the incident on the public mind, we must remember that he is a Bonaparte, and that Bonapartes now stand low in French estimation; that the popular belief in their unscrupulousness and treachery is deep and well-founded; and that the recent plea of Prince Murat, when judicially pursued for an assault, that as he belonged to the Imperial family he was not triable by ordinary tribunals, has made the public very sensitive about Imperial claims of exemption from the common law, and eager to have them tested in order that they may be disallowed. There is, indeed, no way of looking at the late murder in which it will not seem a misfortune of the first magnitude for the Empire. If Prince Pierre be tried and convicted, it will throw a good deal of moral opprobrium on the dynasty; if he is acquitted, nothing will convince people that he has not escaped through favor. Hardly anything could have occurred better calculated to show of what mettle the new ministry is made. If Ollivier be really a statesman—and he has given every evidence of it thus far—he will boldly apply the law at whatever cost. At the very worst, he will in so doing be simply sacrificing Prince Pierre to the Prince Imperial and his mother. It is their future which is really staked in the game which is now playing. The Emperor will, beyond doubt, hold his own as long as he lives; but it depends on how he holds it during the last years of his life whether his son will succeed him. A frank and hearty acceptance of the conditions of constitutionalism by the Government itself, accompanied by the imposition of them on all others by whatever force may be necessary, will transmit the crown to Napoleon IV. if anything can do it.

If the ministry are the men we take them to be, they will not suppress the *Marseillaise* or muzzle Rochefort. All the force his frantic vituperation possesses is drawn from the fact that such talk on the part of the press in France has always hitherto been followed by a rising. But by letting it go on, and taking care that it is not followed by a rising, it is simply made ridiculous, and Rochefort reduced to the position of a mere wind-bag. Wild threats and denunciations which

produce no action, and end in nothing, always at last raise a laugh. A ministry which had the strength of nerve enough to perform this process on Rochefort, would work a veritable disenchantment. They would break a spell which, for forty years, has been the curse of France. In trying it, too, they would have the hearty support of that large and growing class in every country which is disgusted and outraged by that phenomenon of modern civilization known as "sensational journalism." The character of the men engaged in it, the use they make of the publicity which modern science has placed within their reach, their revolting contempt for decency, for individual rights, for private character and feelings, and, still worse, for truth, and the brutal parade they make of their determination to make money and get notoriety by every means in their power, is everywhere producing a feeling of detestation which is none the less hearty for not finding much expression. Indeed, the fear which the foul tyranny of these men inspires over the best natures lends a touch of ferocity to the hatred with which civilized communities begin to regard them, and if things go on as they are, it will take a good deal of civilization and Christianity, in every country, to make the public look with disapproval on the open slaughter of them by their victims. There is no place where their behavior has been more outrageous than in Paris, and Rochefort differs from the common run of them simply in flying at higher game, and giving himself out as the champion of "a liberty" which he neither appreciates nor understands.

NOTES ON THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS AGITATION.

BY A LOOKER-ON.

I.

THE late convention at Cleveland, styling itself the National Woman Suffrage Association, in that all-embracing adjective sounded fearful warning to some female souls of us who, in the great battle over the rights and wrongs of our sex, had proposed to occupy the serene height of the lookers-on. Sweet was irresponsibility, and, to confess the whole, unspeakable our shrinking from some of the pounding on that field. Of course, we knew that all reforms must proceed at first with much random thwacking and vain uproar; but there was that in the very subjects with which this reform dealt which made the crude statement, the half-apprehension of the remedy which necessarily travesties the want, all the dreadfully shallow estimate of very deep things, mortally displeasing here; and any active part in the decision of the woman question we profoundly meant to shirk.

We borrow the editorial plural for these remarks, as the present writer is confident that she represents a class of her sex more or less numerous who have watched this movement from afar, indeed with a certain interest, but with a very decided preference that it should not come too personally near—and that not altogether from the "*vis inertia* of women," denounced by one of the leading lady reformers as the great hindrance to the cause.

Whatever pleasing dream of neutrality, however, we once indulged has been promptly broken up by these Cleveland conspirators. Apparently every man and woman of them went home to study up maps of the United States, to hunt out little hamlets too obscure for the atlas, and lo! to the remotest village their circulars come flying, confounding us with the sight of our very names as officers, hinting of local meetings speedily to be held, and petitions to be circulated for signers; and verily the question that we were so comfortably to escape promises shortly to demand our individual yea or nay. Now neutrality is one thing, but to meet with a flat negative a movement claiming to be in the especial interests of our own sex is quite another, as the National operators were evidently well aware. And their devices have so far succeeded that we begin to rummage among our confused prejudices with some assiduity—to endeavor to set them a little in order to ourselves—to ascertain how many of them are prejudices merely, and how far our non-enthusiasm for woman suffrage has its root in real uncertainty as to the spirit of the cause itself, at least as we gather it from its most vocal interpreters. And in our sincere attitude of enquirer we take it that it is allowable for us to ask a few questions upon both sides. Between the advocates and the opponents of a new cause, the outright and the downright few, stands ever the great body of the undetermined, who, as the first step towards a more definite position, must needs deliver themselves a little of their doubts, ask for fuller explanation here, suggest

objections there; and, although the partisan style be much more effective, we trust there is also hearing for this other voice.

The most cursory reader of the reports of woman's rights meetings in the newspapers must be struck with the tendency to two lines of false reasoning very prominent in the debaters, viz., the arguing from altogether special and accidental cases to universal rules; and again, the sorting out into grievances redressible by civil law life's most intimate and awful woes, the catalogue of domestic sufferings, whose baffling problem is that the very conditions which make their terror make also for the purest and best joy given to mortals, so that how to deliver from the one without jeopardizing the other is the riddle yet unsolved.

Any examination of the first order of bad logic referred to would be too enormous a business to be undertaken here. From Mrs. Livermore downwards, the popular lady speakers of the cause overflow with stories whose moral is either quite out of joint or cannot at all be stretched to the application intended. Mrs. Livermore, we doubt not, is a most excellent and estimable woman; but when she tells us, for instance, of the German butcher's wife whom she knew in Chicago who, while her drunken spouse was serving out his term in jail, carried on the business herself (sticking the pigs, let us hope, by deputy)—carried on his business with such superior efficiency as to store several hundred dollars in the bank, which money the bad man, emerging from jail, exultantly laid hands on, thinking to buy unto himself much more liquor—when Mrs. Livermore relates that on the hearing of this tale she posted immediately to the Illinois State capital, and there laying the case before the legislature then in session, the said legislature did postpone the two or three hundred other bills then before it to put through first of all a bill making it impossible ever after for any Dutch butcheress to be so plundered—when we hear this anecdote, we say, we find it a very unlucky anecdote to be selected as illustration of the need of female legislators, because male legislators are so implacable to women. Logic of this sort, not quite so suicidal, perhaps, but largely made up of the telling of "true stories" of distressed poor women, which, be they never so true, are wholly inconclusive of the point in hand—logic of this sort does, as we have said, too exceedingly abound that we should stop to consider it here. But we propose to enquire for a moment into the other favorite line of doubtful reasoning, whose theme is the family relation.

We confess ourselves continually at a loss to understand upon what new basis the reformers, as men and women sensitive to moral obligations, and at all aware of the complications of human life, seriously propose to establish domestic ties. As to the weight of mortal misery resulting from unhappy homes, no profound experience underestimates that. The point is, are these ills of a nature to be reached by statute? According to many woman's rights speeches, they certainly are. There is one creature who is at the bottom of all of them. A male creature, stout in his fists, and strong with the law behind him, who beats his wife, who ties her up, who puts her sane into insane hospitals, who stints her for money, who deserts her for ill company, who always and for ever withers her with the breath of an inward contempt because she is weak in the fists, has no law behind her, earns no wages, and is, in short, so preposterously different from himself generally. This pleasing animal has now been for some time on exhibition; we are familiar, even to the point of being bored, with all his features; let us glance, by way of variety, at his female counterpart—for we humbly suggest that he has one. As to the former, we are ready to admit that laws might perhaps be devised to regulate him, since his offences incline to be of a tangible sort; but how is it with the female tormentor? Can she also be indicted, and thrust out of the home whose scourge she is?

It may strongly be questioned whether it is in the power of any man to make home so hideous as many evil-tempered women. To begin with, men are out of the house during the largest part of every day; women are its abiding presence. In the parental relation, for instance, a good woman can save her young children in a thousand ways from a bad father's tyranny; a good man, unless he be of the very affluent classes, can never so save his children from their mother. Necessarily, she is constantly with them; all the thousand little matters pertaining to their care and conduct, which furnish so many occasions for the igniting of a passionate or exacting temper, are under her direction. Pathetic stories are told, and truly told, of the drunken father who comes home late at night to frighten or maltreat his little children; but how with the scolding, tyrannical mother, whose reign of terror begins not late at night, but with the earliest waking moment, and embitters the live-long day, wounding body and soul alike?

Again, the vices and faults of a man are almost invariably such as are patent to outsiders, so that, if he becomes unbearable at home, his family are in a true position. If a man is a drunkard or a miser, all the world knows it; if he is profligate, sooner or later that is found out too; if he has an ugly temper, ten to one he growls at his neighbors as well as at his wife and children. But a woman may be the very destroying spirit of the house, and her character not even be guessed beyond its walls. For not only her dealings with the outside world are usually not such as to bring her into that collision of others' interests with her own which reveals the stuff one is made of, but women have far more approbative-ness than men; at least, that sentiment is found in them much more universally. The morose man, shutting himself up in gruff defiance of all opinions but his own, does exist; we wonder if the worst woman who ever lived on earth did not strive to make somebody believe in her. We are not striking the moral balance between the two; the woman's yearning, indeed, may be that last grain of virtue which lifts her above the male pervert, but it certainly is that element which complicates the position of her victims. The question which bears upon our case is, not who are the wickedest of human beings, but who are really the most tormenting to live with?

The beings whom nothing suits; in whose unhappy natures reigns that gigantic form of selfishness which they call sensitiveness; who are more cruel and bitter under pretence of wounded love than any other creature can be through hate; whose truth is a delirium of lies; who cover all the mortal maladies of their diseased souls with such fine names that to the world outside they may pass as gentle, misunderstood spirits, while at home they drain the life-blood of all belonging to them—better, in intimate life, the coldest heart that ever beat, which has a sense of justice, than the mingled ice and fire of souls like these. And such natures are found in their intensity only among women; or, when there are men of this type, they are men in whom the distinctive feminine qualities predominate—which is not denying that these qualities happily combined make the sweetest, noblest natures; we mean that in their abnormal blending they may become the most terrific. Exaggerated sensibilities wanting the balance-wheel of reason—there is no more dreadful being.

The above remarks merely aim to recall the fact that in this world of ours there are many beings to whom to be linked at all is a misery; that these are not always husbands, or men in any relation; that when they are women and wives, aside from the point—very intricate in their case—of the duty that may yet be owed to those who have forsworn all duty to others, we think it would take the ingenuity of several Solons to frame any laws that would bring the worst offenders to justice. And then the dilemma remains, that divorce being once granted for incompatibility, even the wildest, how shall it be restricted from including the least, and what shall hinder any loose-minded man from making himself incompatible at the shortest notice?

No, it is part of the tragedy of our mortal existence that perverse beings are often linked by ties of the closest relationship to better natures, making innocent lives a long anguish. And if it is declared that the marriage tie under such circumstances is the most galling of any, it may be replied that of all the family ties the marriage tie is the only one which is not a birth-tie—which is strictly voluntary in the beginning—and there is a deep sentiment in the human mind that one's shoulders should be strong enough to bear the consequences of one's own acts. For it is not refused that the sufferer shall lighten these consequences in any permitted way. We firmly believe in the living apart of husband and wife when, for any cause, they cannot live together without deep mutual injury. Warring households that can never be at peace should be broken up. There are such, and it should be held perfectly honorable for them to be broken up. But the manifest inconvenience to the parties in mere separation, as the expense of divided maintenance, the disposal of children, and the like, are such as to make it usually certain that the evils are real and not pretended from which they fly. Whereas, in case of real divorce—that is, divorce with free power to marry again—there immediately comes in the possible immoral motive, the desire for another husband or wife; which desire, indeed, considering the rash unwisdom in which so many unions are formed, might be a very natural one, and profitable to be carried out, if only this world were altogether other than what it is.

One might suppose, to hear the invectives nowadays hurled at them, that the supporters of strict divorce laws were so stupidly enamored of the beauty of constancy as to insist, for the sake of the mere abstract

idea, that its form should be preserved when the soul is wanting. Most certainly it is not that any rational being affirms that a mate chosen at an immature age, and often most rashly, is the best possible mate, and that it is all a piece of fickleness not to regard him or her as such to the end; it is that there are tremendous interests of order which on the whole overrule these interests of freedom.

That the advocates of the new reform incline to fix their eyes on these latter, to undue forgetfulness of the former, is our impression. Also, that they cherish some notion of legislating away all sins and sorrows—that the image of a State Constitution has got into their heads as the very scroll which shall set humanity's wandering feet straight for the Celestial City. This sound as of a red-tape gospel chills us a little in their preambles and resolvings.

For ourselves, we have still some misgivings that there is but one way to journey out of these despairs—the long old way whose end we are ever striving to attain by short cuts—the slow spiritual uplifting of all lives, which shall no longer blight each other, whose better doings shall no more require to be undone. Haply the new reform tends to this; if so, its philosophers should be most careful to commend themselves as searching out the strong bases of life, to which, if we come not first as foundation, we shall surely come at last in wreck.

ITALIAN POLITICS.

FLORENCE, December 30, 1869.

MOST people take an interest in foreign politics, as they are called, but few only care for the politics of the foreigner. Naturally, the questions of war or peace, of free trade and commercial reciprocity, must interest many, the thinker as well as the speculator, the quidnunc as well as the shareholding spinster. But to follow the internal history of another nation with sufficient perseverance to feel a genuine and permanent interest in it, requires not only a certain mental culture, but a good deal of leisure. Most men have better things to do than to read, for instance, the debates of the Italian parliament. It were sad if they had not. But, since there must be exceptional cases and exceptional times, let us ask ourselves, What is it that justifies, and what is it that commands, our interest in any foreign nation's internal affairs? A nascent nation's struggle for existence, or the struggles of a reviving nation for independence and liberty, appeal alike to our hearts and heads, and we need not apologize for our sympathy and attention. Again, when a nation thus born or revived is fairly started in life, we feel a calmer, almost scientific interest in watching her through her first troubles. It is then only that her real worth can show itself, her virtues being put to a far severer test than during the excitement of revolution and war, when there are so many elevating influences at work that even thieves and pickpockets seem transfigured into citizens for a moment. But, after having thus formed a fair estimate of a nation's capacities and vitality, we naturally bid her God-speed, and commit no sin in losing sight of her for a time, unless she succeeds in recalling and fixing our attention by some flash of light, some spark of genius, or the evolution of some new idea that might be leaven to our Old World's heavy dough.

Now, Italy cannot complain of the transalpine world in this respect. She had her fair share of sympathy and active help in the days of her struggle, and throughout the first decennium of her national existence she has received ever-increasing marks of friendship and good-will. With the exception of the priests, she has gained over almost all her enemies. Even M. Thiers now believes in Italy, and the Prussian martinets, who in 1859 had preached some ridiculous sort of doctrine about the Mincio line, came gallantly down seven years later to assist fair Italy in stepping over the stream. All this was highly interesting, seasoned as it was by the oracular reticences of Napoleon and the legendary exploits of Garibaldi. And when the sober moment came for paying the bills and for putting the new house in order, Italy faced her looming difficulties bravely, assumed at once an air of perfect respectability, and, though adding deficit to deficit every year, has hitherto staunchly refused to disown or evade her liabilities, and the world applauds once more.

But beyond this financial attitude (one can call it nothing more) and the scrupulously constitutional behavior of the King, there is not much in the present state of Italy to gratify the patriotic pride of the Italian or to excite the admiration of the foreigner.

Italian politics are becoming uninteresting. What is going on here just now, and what has been going on for a whole year, may have the outward appearance of being interesting, but is not. We see certain effects, but the alleged causes utterly fail to account for them. We see a

fierce and protracted party contest, but the combatants turn out to be no parties at all, but mere cliques, and their platforms hollow sounding-boards. And, when we look about for the real causes of all this noise and all this mischief, we find nothing but personal hatreds and incorrigible egotism, no idea, principle, or public interest having any causal connection with these contests. In fact (the Italians say it themselves), since the days of Gioberti and Cavour, Italy has had no political thinker or genius to direct her councils, and "a free church and a free state" was the last idea that grew on the rich soil of Italian politics. This soil, overstimulated with manure, has since then produced a crop of the rankest weeds that ever disgraced a garden or exhausted a field, and the Cavourian flower, half-choked and withered, has been plucked, and carefully laid *ad acta*. This was done in the spring of 1867, when Ricasoli's bill enacting a complete separation of church and state was voted down, as usual, on purely personal grounds.

Of all countries, Italy seemed most interested in the abolition of state churches. The whole Chamber agreed that disendowment was the promptest means of breaking the priest's power, and of paving the way to Rome. Rome had been proclaimed the capital of Italy, and, although this was little more than a *coup de théâtre*, it seemed a pity to call the Roman grapes sour. But what of that? Ricasoli was to be ousted. "Rome will fall when it is ripe, and the Cavourian idea will keep." The bill was lost, and Italy went on with her clerical squabbles, ordering official masses, and enforcing *Te Deums* on royal birthdays, prosecuting priests, and imprisoning refractory bishops (with great loss of dignity on her part), until both parties seemed tired of the game, and sullenly agreed to disagree.

It is strange that the great question of church and state, the solution of which will mark for Europe the real end of the Middle Ages, should have been first practically broached in England. From England we have actually received the first instalment of that solution, while Cavour's country can boast of nothing better than of having "allowed" her bishops to go to Rome to join the ridiculous assembly that has met at St. Peter's. Considering that the Italians hold far more enlightened opinions on these matters than the English, we must conclude that their inactivity is not due to real conservatism. Far more plausibly, it may be accounted for by a certain *historicism* (if such a term may be used) of the Italian mind, which loves historic continuity and is loth to break with the past, and by another trait which we are bound to call practical indifference to principles and doctrines. These two traits the Italians have in common with the English (and with the Hungarians). But while England, sometimes with unbecoming cynicism, scorns ideas as something fit for German neologists only, her statesmen, on the sober plea of utility and expediency, manage, unconsciously, it seems, to realize ideas and abstract principles. The Italian politician, under the bombastic pretext of high principles and high morality, accomplishes little more than a series of petty intrigues prompted by rancor, spite, and egotism, hinging on personalities, and leading to nothing but personal changes.

Persons and personalities! That is the quintessence of Italian politics, and the terrible "Domando la parola per un fatto personale" is the burden, in more than one sense, of the Italian debates. Mazzini is an exception; but perhaps not even that, both his ideas and his singleness of purpose being eminently un-Italian. He has become a stranger among his countrymen, and neither understands them nor is understood by them. His newspaper, published in Genoa, is called *Il Dovere*, and its contents are chiefly socialistic concerning the working-classes, collective property, co-operation, and so on, and touching but slightly on the strictly political questions of the day. All this is excellent; but it betrays the effects of Mazzini's long exile. The contents, as well as the title of the paper, smell of the intellectual atmosphere of London, Brussels, and Bâle, and the party which Mazzini still calls his, and which once called him their leader, have never dreamt of recognizing "duty" as the basis of their politics, nor do they care much for the great social movement on the other side of the Alps, absorbed, as they are, in the paltry gossip that fills the dreary pages of their political papers. In a country like Italy, which, in some respects, is freer than England and Belgium, which has universal suffrage, a national guard, and municipal autonomy, and where there is no reactionary party (at least not in the political arena), the grievances and aspirations leading to the formation of parties could logically only refer to the methods of administration, to decentralization, to the modes of levying taxes, to the abolition of monopolies and state lotteries, to finance. Or they might refer to foreign affairs, to commercial policy, to national education, or to the church-and-state question. There is enough material in all this for the

most restless and most pugnacious politician. Yet, on examining the names, watchwords, and platforms of the Italian parties, we can easily satisfy ourselves that these parties have not split on such grounds, even though finance and foreign affairs may furnish the technical pleas for their debates.

I do not speak here of the old Italian parties born in the throes of the revolution, of the *rossi* and *neri*, of the *codini* and *liberali*. These were real parties, and *bona-fide* names. But they have ceased to exist. The man in the black gown, who used to frighten young Italy when she was a child, has altogether ceased to be her bugbear; and the *codini*—those staunch adherents of the fallen dynasties—have retired from political life, and are all but forgotten. There was a "party of action" once—a strong and high-spirited party—headed and inspired by Garibaldi. But since the annexation of Venetia and the defeat at Mentana, he, too, has wrapt himself in silence, and his friends seem to feel that they cannot cry "Rome or death" when a third case has been proved to be possible.

At present we only hear of a *destra* and a *sinistra*, a right and a left, and of a centre, subdivided, in its turn, into a right centre and a left centre. The division is purely parliamentary; but, strange to say, the public at large do not seem to feel the want of other party names applicable to themselves. Even the terms *moderati* and the equivalent nickname *malva* (i.e., marsh-mallow) are no longer heard. The uninitiated is thus left without any clue to the real import and meaning of such cosmological terms as right and left, and can only try to guess it by a reference to France, from which these terms were borrowed. In France, we know, the parliamentary benches represent a real scale of political colors, beginning with the deepest red, and passing on (through the Imperial green and the *Eugénie* blue) to the clerical purple, and there is no reason why one should not even introduce a set of Fraunhofer's lines to denote, with still greater accuracy, the subtlest shades of political color.

But all this would have no practical meaning without the presence of a considerable variety of colors; and it is no exaggeration to say that the range of the political spectrum in Italy is extremely narrow, and comprises little more than the various shades of one color; which color, it is needless to add, is neither blue nor purple.

The gentlemen of the left sometimes call themselves republicans or democrats. But these names are misnomers, the right being neither royalistic nor anti-democratic. There are few political men, if any, in Italy who care enough for royalty to be ready to fight for it or to make it their party cry. The King himself is a bad royalist, and would not fight for his throne if the nation's suffrage were against it. But the Italians say: He is the king *elect*; he had the votes even of the republicans; and when the Italian boot was all in shreds, he did the cobbler's work sufficiently well to be allowed to finish it. This is all that Italian royalism pleads. The sentiment of loyalty does not exist among the Italians, who have, therefore, no difficulty in seeing that royalty is doomed, and that its very virtues must be suicidal. They may not think fit to admit this publicly at all hours of the day. But, surely, to discuss and urge the superfluity of kings in such a country is ridiculous—at all events, a waste of labor.

If the question were, as it was in France, between personal rule and the reign of law, professional republicanism would be a necessity. But Victor Emanuel is the most scrupulous and impartial of constitutional kings. Garibaldians have been his ministers, Bixio and Medici are among his generals, and does not even Lobbia—the great Lobbia—don his uniform? Everywhere we find men of advanced ideas round the throne as well as in the democratic camp. It may be said that, with exception of the priests and the peasantry, the Italians are a nation of born liberals, and that obstructive conservatism, in the Tory's or the *Junker's* sense, does not exist in the country, and certainly not in the political arena of Italy. What, then, it may be asked, are these men of the left? What is the *raison d'être* of such a party? Between advanced liberals and radicals there may be many differences; but why should there be such implacable rancor? Surely, the wounds of Aspromonte can no longer smart; for, if they did, if the men of the left were still the avengers of Garibaldi's wounds, they could never have accepted as party leader the very man who sent Pallavicini to inflict them.* I must describe the different shades of color more particularly, however, next week.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, December 31, 1869.

I WRITE to you on the last day of the year, when it is customary for our newspapers to publish historical retrospects. I have glanced over two

* Ratazzi.

or three such productions, and have not been made more cheerful by the process. To say the truth, there is much cause for melancholy, and we cannot as yet see a distinct promise of better things. The best circumstance is, perhaps, that we are learning to look our difficulties in the face with less than our former inclination to shirk unpleasant questions, and have shaken off the easy confidence of the Palmerstonian era. But great controversies, social, political, and religious, rise more and more distinctly in the immediate future, and at times we may half doubt whether our strength is equal to the burden. In peaceable or violent fashion we have to go through a revolution, of which no man can foretell the progress or the end. We did a great act of justice in the last session of Parliament by destroying the Irish Establishment. I do not pretend to decide how much gratitude we deserve, or in what proportions our motives were compounded of real love of justice, of party animosity, of hostility to all establishments, or of other feelings; but, if any one was weak enough to hope that our good deed would bring an immediate reward, he must have been already undeceived. The Irish trouble seems to increase and grow more complex. Discontent seems to have struck its roots even deeper than we had supposed, and grows and flourishes upon the concessions it receives. The debates upon the land question, far from converging to any definite results, seem to bring out even wider contrasts of opinion. How Mr. Gladstone is to steer through the troubled waters of next session is a singularly difficult question. It will be a severer trial of his statesmanship than anything to which he has been hitherto exposed. One important matter, as I read in the *Daily News* of this morning, was decided by the act of last session—namely, that the House of Lords is in future to occupy a subordinate position, and simply to delay legislation without being able to oppose a permanent veto. I do not think that this is quite an accurate statement. Undoubtedly the authority of the House of Lords received one more blow, though the principle had been practically decided by the Reform Bill controversy of 1832. The aristocratic class has not for a long time past really enjoyed the governing influence in the country, and the body which represents it must therefore go down, after a longer or shorter struggle, before that which represents the middle and lower classes. Yet the House of Lords may have a struggle left in it still; any sweeping measure of land reform would touch it far more nearly than a church disestablishment bill. The House of Commons is composed in great part of men who would sympathize with it in such a quarrel. There are many excellent country gentlemen on the Liberal benches who fancy themselves very genuine followers of Mr. Gladstone, but who would revolt against any measure tending, even by implication, to injure the landholding interest in this country. It is possible, perhaps probable, that the next session may thus witness a contest in both Houses of Parliament, in which the landholders and their conservative allies will be ranged against radicals, democrats, and reformers on an issue of the most vital importance. The probability of such a struggle has something serious about it, and it is all the more important as coming in a time of long-continued commercial depression. The increasing misery and pauperism of large classes forms an ugly background to so grave a political agitation.

The last fortnight has seen the conclusion of a story intimately connected with some of our troubles. I need not remind you that the crash of the great house of Overend & Gurney was one of the most disastrous incidents in the commercial crisis of 1866. Last summer, as you will also remember, an indignant shareholder brought an action against the directors, who, as he alleged, had enticed him into the business on false pretences, and extraordinary revelations were made as to the method to which the ruin of the concern was owing. When the defendants were committed, a loud burst of applause shocked the propriety of the court, and expressed the general satisfaction that criminals in the high places of commerce were likely to be brought to justice. Since that time there have been many doubts as to the probability of the case ever coming up for judgment. The public did not subscribe freely; Government would not undertake the prosecution; and the aggrieved shareholder might naturally shrink from the expense involved. The trial, however, has actually taken place, but with an unsatisfactory result. The counsel for the prosecution were not men of any eminence; they only received instructions a day or two before the trial; and they do not appear to have conducted their case with much skill. The points established seem to have been these: The old firm was in a most perilous position a year before the crash; but there was still a possibility that it might be rescued from its difficulties and ultimately become solvent. Under these circumstances, the proprietors resolved to form a company to take up the business; the chief members of the firm became directors, and induced some other gentlemen of commer-

cial eminence to join them as new directors; the public, induced by the great name of the business, subscribed abundantly, and the company started. The course of commercial affairs was much against it, and at the end of nine months it succumbed to the pressure, causing the cruellest distress amongst numbers of shareholders.

It was plain that the directors did not endeavor to get out of the trouble themselves. They were completely ruined, and sacrificed all their private property. The case was as if a captain of a ship, knowing it to be leaky, had induced other people to embark in it, and had himself gone on board with all his family, and perished in the first storm. Undoubtedly he would be less guilty than a man who, under similar circumstances, had managed to transfer his ship to others and stayed on shore himself. But he would be guilty, though not in the same degree, if he had induced other people by false representations to share his danger. Were the representations put out to the public knowingly false? or did they merely imply a sanguine view of the state of affairs? We must suppose that the public have generally taken the latter view, inasmuch as the acquittal of all the directors was hailed with an applause as hearty as that which greeted their committal. Part of this feeling was due to the fact that the new directors were foolishly prosecuted as well as the old members of the company. There could be no doubt that if any deception was used they were as much deceived as any of the shareholders. They gave every possible proof of sincerity; for it was absurd to suppose that men of established credit would voluntarily join such a business, knowing that its state was rotten, and thereby incur ruin for no cause whatever. But the applause, so far as it concerned the old directors, was certainly misdirected. It would have been wrong to convict them, for no degree of criminal deception was established; but it was plain that, to say the least of it, they had been grossly imprudent, and had induced other people, though, it might be, with innocent intentions, to join in an almost desperate undertaking, which they should have known to be almost desperate. In short, though they were not criminals in any technical sense, they were involved in a proceeding of very questionable morality. This being so, the trial was certainly unsatisfactory. There was a feeling of unreality about it throughout; and the violent invectives of the prosecuting counsel rather damaged the case by showing an absence of sober judgment. It was clear from the beginning that, as the case was managed, a conviction was impossible; but it was not clear that the whole merits of the transaction would be fairly brought out.

The unscrupulous use of joint-stock enterprises has been one great cause of the present depression, and no man can say how long it will last. The symptoms of revival are not unequivocal, though we may hope that we have passed the worst. Just now we are all grumbling the more, inasmuch as by Mr. Lowe's new system we have to pay the whole of the income tax and assessed taxes on the 1st of January. We try to console ourselves by the reflection that a great saving will be made to the revenue by the new plan, and that Government is still energetically pursuing its career of reduction. Every farthing that can possibly be pared off is being saved in all departments. It is reported, I know not with what degree of accuracy, that Mr. Lowe's next budget is to show an enormous reduction—some people talk of as much as six millions. Whether there is any truth in this I cannot say; but certainly it would be an excellent bid for popularity in our present frame of mind.

To turn to other matters for a moment: Dr. Temple has been consecrated in spite of all the windy opposition of bigots. I have heard it said that, when Dr. Temple has been a bishop for a few years, he will probably show himself to be as orthodox as his most eager antagonists could desire. This view has been not a little confirmed by his first sermon. He made in it a kind of avowal of his creed; and my powers of observation do not enable me to distinguish between its sentiments and those of the most respectable of orthodox lights. But at this I am not in the least surprised. Dr. Temple is a most excellent man; he has shown himself a good man of business, an energetic reformer, and has great powers of attracting the sympathies of those with whom he has to deal. But I don't think he will introduce any liberal theology into the high places of the church. Speaking of theology, I may venture to tell you of a phenomenon which, in some respects, is the most curious that I have lately observed. I do not violate private confidence in saying that a society was lately formed, and has now been for some time in operation, which is remarkable alike for its composition and its objects. It consists of some of the most distinguished men of all parties: bishops of the Established Church, Roman Catholic bishops, literary men of all shades of opinion, from ultramontanist to atheism, and men of science, who oppose to eccle-

siastical authority a dogmatism of a very different kind. I do not mention names; but if your readers make a list of the most eminent English representatives of opposing schools of thought, they will probably hit upon some of the leading members. These gentlemen meet at intervals for a friendly dinner, after which they discuss metaphysical questions, such, for example, as the propriety of believing in a future state. As no reporters are admitted, and I have not the honor of being a member, I cannot give you any results of the discussions. You will be glad, however, to hear that a majority of the body is said to be in favor of the existence of a Deity. It is a queer contrast to the Œcumenical Council, and it is a sign of the times that men of such various opinions can meet together and discuss the most vital questions of theology with mutual toleration. I fear they will scarcely throw much light upon the subject; but they will have some highly amusing debates.

Notes.

LITERARY.

SUBSCRIBERS are solicited by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, for the first volume, now in press, of a proposed new variorum edition of Shakespeare, beginning with "Romeo and Juliet." The price will be not above ten dollars, and other volumes will follow according as the venture is sustained by the public. The editor will be Mr. Horace Howard Furness, Secretary of the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society, and the plan of the work is as follows: (1) The text to be that of the Cambridge editors, including their notes, to which will be added the various readings of Singer, Knight, Campbell, Cornwall, Collier, Hazlitt, Hudson, Ulrici, Delius, Staunton, Dyce, White, Chambers, Halliwell, Clarke, and Keightly; (2) the commentary to consist of all the notes of the Variorum of 1821 that have been adopted by editors since that date, and of the notes of the editors just enumerated; (3) illustrations and criticisms from a great number of sources, largely Continental, and therefore as yet but little known to the English reader. On the whole, we may say that the work promises valuable aid to the study and appreciation of Shakespeare, and is likely to be a credit to American scholarship. The critical faculty of the editor will of course be chiefly employed in winnowing the endless notes of the commentators, but this will be scarcely the least of the services he may render.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam & Son, who are to remove from their present location in May, have chosen the building of the Young Men's Christian Association, corner of Twenty third Street and Fourth Avenue, for their new quarters, and will then have the farthest up-town bookstore with the exception of Carleton's. That they will be followed sooner or later by other houses, there can be but little doubt.

—When times are hard, they are apt to be hardest on the very best publications, and we observe with regret that the tardiness of the subscribers of the *American Naturalist*, published at Salem, Mass., in renewing their subscriptions, has seriously endangered the continuance of that admirable periodical. Admirable and single, at once: the only popular scientific journal in the country, and which, in diffusing a knowledge of nature and promoting a fondness for the study of natural history, sacrifices nothing but formality of style for the sake of its audience. It is conducted by a body of young and able naturalists, on whom also the burden of the Peabody Academy of Science rests, and whose work is as little prompted by mercenary considerations as most human work can be. The *Naturalist* has served to connect the labors of a large number of investigators in all parts of the country, and encourage habits of observation in all who read it. The larger part of each issue is always intelligible to boys of twelve and upwards, who could have few better gifts than the annual reading of the magazine. It is a model of clear and handsome printing, and its illustrations are often of a very expensive kind. It richly deserves to prosper, and we believe that it will.

—Mr. Beecher's return to the editorial ranks, after a long desertion, is one of the events of the new year which ought to give general satisfaction. On some accounts he has not needed an "organ" of his own, since his sermons have long been regularly published and given to thousands of readers other than his own large congregation; serving, we may remark by the way, to reconcile many to non-attendance at any church, but they have also doubtless comforted and elevated many who have been altogether debarred from hearing preaching. Most of what he is likely to say in an article in the *Christian Union*, Mr. Beecher would put without hesitation into his elastic sermons, and it is only in the domain of per-

sonalities that, as a public man, who believes that politics are a part of moral philosophy, and therefore may properly be talked about not only in the pulpit but out of it, he has heretofore been at any considerable disadvantage. Here, however, the owners of "organs" have had the whip-hand of him, and they may now take warning. For the rest, his salutatory shows a justness and liberality of view in regard to the relations of religion to modern discussion, the aims that should animate Christian sects and communities, and the principle of religious independence, that will make the *Union*, so far as he controls it, a positive and significant accession to religious journalism.

—Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, said, in his recent address before the Social Science Association, of the private libraries of this country, that, taken as a whole, they "very far outrun the public ones in their aggregate of volumes, while, in respect of rare and costly books, there are multitudes of works in private hands of which no public library possesses a copy." And he added that "in no country are there found more numerous and more liberal collections of private libraries than in the United States." This peculiarly honorable and gratifying fact is rendered still more so by this other: that the "manifest destiny" of such libraries is to be bequeathed at length to the public. The Bowditch, Parker, and Ticknor collections of the Boston Public Library are instances in point which have hitherto been wanting in New York, but, we are glad to announce, will be so no longer. Last week it was made known that Mr. James Lenox, whose private library is probably the finest in America, is about to bestow it upon the city as a free gift, together with a building fit to contain it, which will be erected opposite the Central Park (would it were truly central for this purpose). We believe that less is known of Mr. Lenox's collection than of any other large private library in the country, but it has the reputation of being especially strong in Bibles, Shakespeareana, and Americana. We trust that his example secures for us a similar endowment from Mr. Lenox's rivals in book-collecting—some nearly his equals—and that the practices of the Astor Library will be carefully avoided in the new institution.

—The Boston Public Library finds itself each year more and more a place of general resort for the citizens, and now, much as it is to be desired that Mr. Winsor's and Mr. Ticknor's notion shall be the law of the library, and that it shall be its rule that the books are to be used and not saved, there is a rather undesirable pressure upon the institution in Boylston Street. It is, therefore, designed to relieve the central library, and at the same time accommodate a greater number of the citizens, by establishing branch libraries in various quarters. Manifestly, the former of these two objects will be attained, and there can hardly be a doubt that so will the latter also. Even when books are freely offered—so freely that the authorities will buy for their beneficiaries any book which is wanted which is not already in store—it is found that small inconveniences prevent many from laying hold of the good put within their easy reach, and the oil and wine, though without money or price, the giver must take to the people's doors. Thus, of the inhabitants of the city proper, 17,200 have taken out books, and that number is about one in eight and a half of all the residents. But in East Boston only one inhabitant out of twenty-six has used the books. Of the South Bostonians, who get to the city proper without being obliged to cross a ferry, and of the citizens of Roxbury, who also have close communication by land with Boston, the patrons of the library are, respectively, one in fourteen and one in sixteen of the total population. These figures show, by the way, how great a work this collection is doing, for we must suppose more than one reader to each volume taken out. It is, perhaps, read by a man to his wife, or by children to their parents and the family circle; and so the influence of good literature proceeding from this free fountain saturates the community and postpones indefinitely the day when the modern Athenian shall cease to jeer us of New York about our municipal government. The central establishment can spare many duplicates to the new branch libraries, and doubtless the city government will not be niggardly with necessary appropriations. Even if Boston should have to wait for the new park which by sea and shore is to outvie the Central or Prospect, and for the new Museum of Art which is to emulate South Kensington, it can meantime congratulate itself that it is daily multiplying within its borders people of the kind that intelligently enjoys the beauties of art and of nature.

—However else we are going to get the American literature which some of us are waiting for, we are not, we should say, going to get it by taking any of the precautions that Mr. Charles Reade so forcibly advises in his book entitled "The Eighth Commandment"—and so entitled because, he remarks, "free trade in literature is not free stealing," as has

been supposed, it appears, by many persons of the kind whom Mr. Reade calls muddleheads and other partly deserved names. Shakespeare, says Mr. Reade roundly, would not have written his plays if there had not been, as we Americans say, "money in them;" and whether we are ever to have another Shakespeare or not, we certainly are not going to have him till we make it worth his while to write plays by paying him good wages for his work. The muddleheaded people aforementioned think differently; but, they to the contrary notwithstanding, it is money that makes the literary mare go, as well as other mares. If, then, the American Congress will allow American booksellers to steal the works of English, French, and German authors, and sell them in this country, just as the man sold his brooms which he stole ready-made, the American author will be driven out of business, and American literature will not exist. Always, of course, he would add, excepting the literature of the American newspaper press. Our papers we have to make for ourselves, for news is got at home, and we have our own views and opinions in regard to our own current life. "Read the American papers," he says in the same book to which we have just referred. "You revel in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious romance. The production is worthy of the United States. It utters thirty-nine convictions for every one the English press delivers." This is somewhat exaggerated, no doubt; but on the whole the difference between our journalism and our performance in most other branches of literature is not unlike what Mr. Reade hints at—in fact, states. The evil of which he complains is a growing one. Every year there are more foreign authors who have to see their wares stolen and sold in this market, and have to content themselves with the fact that the stealing makes their names known to a somewhat wider circle of readers than they would have had if they had not been robbed. Then there is the further satisfaction of knowing that, by-and-by, when they have been a good deal robbed, some one among those who have been preying upon them will offer them something for the privilege of publishing forthcoming works before they become general prey. We should judge, however, from the condition into which "the courtesy of the trade" has now got, that soon Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Tennyson, and Mr. Reade, and George Eliot, and Auerbach, and the rest of them, will be compelled to consider their additional fame the sole result of the sale of their books in America. These remarks—which have always been in order—suggest themselves as we read the prospectus of a new eclectic periodical called the *Transatlantic*, a weekly journal of popular reading, which is to be published, in Philadelphia, by Messrs. L. R. Hamersly & Co. It is to contain thirty-two octavo pages of "bright, entertaining, and instructive literature;" "the best of the stories, sketches, and essays of current foreign literature, avoiding all ponderous dissertations."

—Not many men, we suppose, are thinking that, when once the reading of the Bible in the public schools is prohibited, the Roman Catholics will be content with our American system of instruction by the State. If any one entertains that opinion, he has only to take a look at the Roman Catholic papers to learn that he is much mistaken. Says the *Freeman's Journal*, under date of December 11: "Let the public school system go to where it came from—the devil." "We do not and will not," says the *Tablet*, "accept the state as educator." "There is no possible programme of common-school instruction," says the *Freeman's Journal* of Nov. 20, "that the Catholic Church can permit her children to accept. . . . It is not that we declare so. It is the Catholic Church." And then the writer goes on to quote from the Syllabus to the effect that no Roman Catholic is at liberty to believe otherwise than that it is a most dangerous error to think that any school is a fit school for Roman Catholic children which is not entirely under the control of the Church. That the teaching in State schools regards only or chiefly the mere knowledge of natural things and the purposes of our social life here on earth, is wholly beside the question, says the *Journal*; the children are immortal, and the whole object of teaching them anything is to prepare them for an eternal life. The same paper says: "If the Catholic translation of the books of Holy Writ which is to be found in the homes of all our better-educated Catholics were to be dissected by the ablest Catholic theologian in the land, and merely lessons to be taken from it, such as Catholic mothers read to their children, and with all the notes and comments in the popular edition, and others added with the highest Catholic endorsement, and if these admirable Bible lessons, and these alone, were to be ruled as to be read in all the public schools, this would not diminish in any substantial degree the objection we Catholics have to letting our children attend the public schools." In short, if the Roman Catholic press does not misrepresent the Roman Catholic feeling and opinion about our common-school system, the

school must be the priest preaching, or else our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens will be advised by their clergy to refuse it support.

—As to what it is advisable to say and do by way of answer to our Romanist fellow-citizens, the friends of the common-school system as it stands appear to have come to no determination. Clearly, there is at present a decided unwillingness, more or less unthinking, to allow any of their claims whatsoever. But as yet there is some doubt if the anti-Catholic forces will soon take up the one inexpugnable line of defence against their antagonists. Just now the un-Catholic man who discusses the question of the Bible in schools is apt to be either an uneasy unbeliever, who is willing to use anybody's help in order to prevent anything like a public recognition of the existence of anything immortal, or else he is an uneasy Protestant who cannot quite bring himself to say, in so many words, that there may perhaps be times and seasons when it would be as well not to read the Scriptures in public. But the question which the Roman Catholics are now presenting for trial before the people is not going to get its settlement from the infidel, so-called, nor from the Protestant, so-called. Should a republic spend money for the educating of its citizens? Does it not need intelligent citizens if it would live? Is it not, then, justified in taxing this generation of its citizens to the end that the coming generation may be fit to carry on the Government? Roman Catholics—so far forth as they hold fast the Syllabus—so far forth as they are good Roman Catholics—are they not bad citizens of a Republic, of a State, which depends for existence on the intellectual freedom of each man in it? May not the State, then, give, at the very least, a colorless, unreligious education—an education of the citizen as citizen? The answers generally given to these questions will determine the immediate result of the discussion of the question whether or not we shall insist on keeping our Bible in the schools; and there are growing indications that the battle is not going to be risked in an untenable position.

—Perhaps some of our readers have read in the *Sunday World* a series of dramatic criticisms of remarkable pungency, of what seemed to us much soundness, and of an independence which may be called refreshing; for what is more rapid than most dramatic criticism; and how often is the intelligent theatre-goer pleased with what the dramatic critic says to him when he takes up the morning paper to see what is said of the performance which he witnessed over-night? Indeed, if the intelligent theatre-goer ceases to be a theatre-goer any longer, is it not partly because of his disgust with the whole tribe of critics? To read most of the newspaper comments on almost any actor or representation at a play leads one to suspect that he must have been among people who had not one opinion or feeling in regard to the drama in common with him. And this of itself operates discouragingly upon him. It was very agreeable, then, to happen upon a man who seemed to be owned by no manager, to have unjust partiality for no actor or actress, to have a body of sound views about the dramatic art, to have a forcible way of expressing them, and to express them without any fear. We have before us as we write a small book, called "The Romance of a Piano," which is very obviously by the writer of whom we speak—though we should not ask others to think so well of him as a writer as we do if they made acquaintance with him only as the writer of this pamphlet. Here he gives himself the rein, and Walt Whitmanizes and Shepardizes after the strictly sensational manner of the authoresses of "Charles Auchester," and makes epigrams, and indulges in smartness and impertinence after Charles Reade's fashion; and passes criticisms that remind one that Dr. Johnson called music the most decent of the sensual pleasures—or something like that; and philosophizes and Gallicizes, and, in general, allows himself a deal more elbow-room than seems good for him. Still, some of what he says is suggestive certainly, and possibly worth attention, though our musical readers will do better than we in pronouncing on his judgments of Thalberg, Mr. H. Sanderson, Mrs. Minnie Hauck, and Hersee, and Parepa-Rosa, and Miss Kellogg, and Miss Alida Topp, and Grisi, and Malibran, and La Grange, and a hundred more of the singers and players of old days and of to-day. And we may as well, too, leave it for them to say whether or not "a piano is magic, minus empiricism," and whether or not "the piano is the newspaper of music." We confess to a barbaric inclination to hold with the Mr. Grapple on whom our author heaps shame that "what the piano lacks is supernaturality; percussion must always be fatal to that shadowy lyricism which is the breath of an emotion;" and that the universal instrument is about as well calculated to express opinions as sentiment. And now, at the risk of spoiling the effect of all we have said about our author's dramatic criticism, shall we say that the pamphlet is no less than a piece of advertising? That is precisely what it is. Long, it seems, there have been in

the field "two rival manufacturers of wheelbarrows with patent brakes;" now, at last, there has arisen a maker of true pianos. What his name is we do not say. But it is rather barefaced in him to speak loftily of his rivals being great advertisers.

—The *Harvard Advocate* for December 24 contains a good article, expressing the feelings of some one who wants to love art, and thinks he might if only it were shown him. It seems that he can't get to see the Gray collection of engravings, which, as we showed last week, are almost wholly inaccessible. The engravings should be considered as stored, temporarily, and we hope not for too long a time, but stored for safe-keeping until the day comes when they can be shown. It is impossible to exhibit them in the alcove where they are now; it is, perhaps, impossible to find room to hang on walls or display in cases any considerable number of the prints; it is evidently impossible to show them as they are, without a staff of competent custodians. While they remain in their portfolios the only way in which any one can visit them is by taking the time of the curator for just as many hours as the student himself remains. A system of appointments, as with a dentist, is the only plan that occurs to us as a possible improvement in the present state of things. But that Mr. Thies and Mr. Abbot will be ready to prepare wall-cases or frames, and to make a selection of the prints for exhibition, and thus to glorify the collection and the art of engraving, as soon as space and a little money are to be had for the purpose, there is no doubt whatever. Nobody is any better off for the seclusion of this important collection.

PARIS GARDENS.*

MR. ROBINSON has given us in this book a large amount of interesting reading upon a very entertaining subject, and, although it has been partly published twice before, it is still fresh, and to most American readers it will be entirely new. Mr. Robinson does not tell us how he became so well acquainted with all the details of his subject, but his writing shows that he is possessed of a great deal of horticultural knowledge and enthusiasm, combined with a refined taste, and that he is able to express his praise and condemnation in a suitable manner. He went to Paris as horticultural correspondent of the *London Times* for the great European exhibition, and also contributed articles to the *Field* and the *Gardener's Chronicle*. Last year he printed some of his letters, with additions, in a book called "Gleanings from French Gardens;" and now he has republished the letters and gleanings with considerable new matter and a great number of plates and illustrations. Each time he has touched the subject he has improved it, and we owe him thanks for his perseverance. In this book he leads the reader through the gardens and parks of Paris and Versailles, and then takes him to the mushroom caves under the city, in the deserted stone quarries, and to the market gardens and orchards of the most successful horticulturists who supply Paris with fruits and vegetables. Whilst he points out and commends the improvements and novelties in the French methods of culture, he sees and condemns bad taste, pettiness of detail, and clumsy and old-fashioned habits and customs.

He gives many plans and sketches of the parks and gardens of the city and the royal palaces, and describes in illustrated text the popular and most desirable ferns, palms, and other sub-tropicals which are used for decoration. Whilst describing these plants, he takes us to the great green and hot-houses which supply the municipality with the materials for summer display, and shows how well and economically they are managed. These green-houses and gardens, which are sustained by the municipality for the supply of decorative plants, give a good idea of the interest which Parisians feel in horticultural beauty and effect, and the extent to which they are willing to spend money to decorate their city and give enjoyment to their citizens. As they must use an immense number of plants, which would cost a fabulous sum if purchased of nurserymen and gardeners, they have established nurseries for trees and shrubs, and the *Jardin Fleuriste* for tender plants used for decorating the parks, gardens, and squares of the city. The plants are raised here at very cheap rates; for, though many palms, ferns, and rare sub-tropicals, which are beautiful somewhat in proportion to their age and size, are costly even here, the great mass of bedding-plants cost but about one and a half cents each. But even at this price the bill is large. They send out annually 400,000 pelargoniums. Any plant worthy of notice is propagated by the thousands, "thirty thousand being the opening quantity for a new thing of promise." "During the past autumn fifty thousand cuttings of

one kind of fuchsia were put in in one week. There is one winter garden, one hundred and twenty feet long by forty feet wide, stored with conservatory plants, and it is not unusual to use ten thousand plants at the Hotel de Ville in decoration for a single entertainment."

Leaving the glass-houses, Mr. Robinson describes the best kind of trees for city planting, and shows why many kinds, which in the country are most desirable, will not thrive in crowded streets and cities. When he leaves the ornamental grounds and takes up the practical culture of fruit and vegetables, he seems equally at home, and surprises the reader with the fulness and minuteness of his practical details. He seems to have seen everything worth notice, to have forgotten nothing, and freely compares the best Paris can do with the best London and its vicinity have produced. The fidelity with which he has observed, and the care with which he has collected his facts, make this the most important horticultural book which has been published, and render it valuable to every lover of rural development.

In all the arts progress depends somewhat on the accumulation of experiences; and, although men of genius are born who attain to excellence without much regard for the traditions and practices of their predecessors or contemporaries, the mass of the community progress slowly and arrive at last only to a moderate degree of superiority. In growing fruits and vegetables, America is quite as forward as France or England, and will probably surpass them, because such large numbers of our people have gardens of their own, and rival each other in producing the best fruits and vegetables in the cheapest manner. The results which follow from the combined skill and capital of European cultivators will stimulate a thousand competitors in America as soon as they get an idea of the direction in which improvement might be made; and before Mr. Robinson's book is known to a thousand American readers, his best teaching will have gone to a hundred thousand firesides through the horticultural magazines, whose editors will find in it a mine of valuable editorials, until they exhaust all that they can take without detection. But, however near we may approach Europe in kitchen gardening, we are neophytes in matters of landscape and ornamental gardening, and for that reason we ought especially to welcome Mr. Robinson's book at this time, when every respectable-sized city in the country, prompted by what New York has done, is talking about parks. There are half-a-dozen in embryo now which may possibly be some day developed into beautiful works of nature and art. If Congress could pass and enforce a law that every city thinking of a park should be obliged to buy one hundred copies of Robinson, and compel as many of its principal citizens to read and comprehend what public grounds and gardens are, and how difficult it is to make them beautiful, we should in another generation rival Europe in this respect as much as in fruit culture. But when we compare the best things we have with the common works of Paris, we see how far we have to go before we can show anything really worth asking a foreigner of taste to look at. Nor is it necessary for us to make great parks to find out our ignorance and recognize how little we know of the resources of landscape art. We have the Central Park—a very highly adorned and architectural piece of work—where nature has been compelled to submit too much to the dictates of man and the requirements of architecture. Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, is growing into beauty and finish, and seems to promise a simplicity and gracefulness of treatment that will set it far in advance of the Central. Philadelphia proposes, in her Fairmount Park, to show how twenty-seven hundred acres of land can be treated grandly and simply, and at the same time have sufficient richness of finish and variety of detail to place it amongst the greatest works of the kind. But if we name all the proposed great parks of the country, and concede to them an ultimate perfection of design and execution, we shall still be far behind Paris, for we have no small parks or squares that are anything but a disgrace to the landscape gardening of the age.

It seems to be conceded that, if anything less than twenty-five to fifty acres of land be left in a city for a square or for ventilation, it can have no other treatment than to be cut up by transverse alleys into a series of plots of poor grass, the sides of the walks to be shaded by elms, maples, or lindens, with a fountain or statue or flagstaff in the centre. This laying out, with some slight change in the arrangement of the paths and the kinds of trees used, may be seen in every large town and city of this country. No wonder that, with such objects to look at, our people develop no taste for the beauties of landscape gardening, and believe that anybody can lay out a park. Anybody would deserve pity who could not produce such a thing as the average small park of our cities; and if such places are examples of the landscape gardening of America, and of what our people are satisfied

* "Parks, Promenades, and Gardens of Paris. By W. Robinson, F.L.S." New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. London: John Murray. 1869. Pp. 640.

with, we may despair of ever creating any works which can deserve a name or place beside Parisian improvements. In Paris, besides the great parks, such as the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, the Champs Élysées, the Luxembourg Gardens, and the Tuileries, etc., there are numerous small parks, such as the Parc de Monceaux, of twenty-two acres, which cost \$220,000 for improvements; the Parc des Buttes Chaumont, on the site of old and abandoned plaster quarries, and containing about forty-five acres. This park was begun in 1864 and finished in 1868, costing about \$700,000. Besides these, there are at least eleven squares, varying in size from three-fourths to three acres, costing for embellishments from \$30 to \$300,000. Many of these squares have been made in thickly populated parts of the city for ventilation, and to give the poor equal opportunities with the rich to enjoy beauty. In the Parc de Monceaux, the visitor is led by well-arranged paths through woods, between flower-beds rich with gayly colored plants and picturesque with palms and ferns and other fine foliage plants, over lawns ever fresh with emerald greenness, beside artificial waters, sometimes seeing a really distant and varied landscape, at others arrested by some local object of interest. The place seems by wise management ten times as large as it is. Compare it with the Public Garden in Boston, an area of about the same size, where paths twisted into meaningless curves lead the visitor into cul-de-sacs, or confront him with common shrubs destitute of marked beauty of flower or foliage; where there are flower-beds planted without effect or meaning, and good plants ruined by bad combinations—a really fine opportunity thrown away; or compare the Square des Batignolles, three acres diversified with masses of flowers and sub-tropics, abundantly shaded with fine trees, ornamented with vases and statues, with any of the Philadelphia squares of about the same size, for instance, the one between Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Vine Streets, or Union or Madison Square of New York, or Franklin and Blackstone Squares of Boston, or any of the squares in any of the American cities—all of them dreary wastes of poor grass, cut up by gravel walks and bestridden by ill-selected trees, whose chief merit is uniformity of badness. Lindens, elms, poplars, and soft maples give whatever variety or beauty there is of plantation; and maid-servants, trundling babies, candy pedlars, photograph vendors, lung-testers, and hand-organ grinders furnish the objects of interest.

It seems hardly to have entered into the American mind that it is worth while to study out what can be made or done with a piece of land to give it beauty and variety; nor can we hope for anything better until we can raise by some means the standard of rural and municipal improvements in the country, and stimulate some such rivalry and emulation in æsthetics as already exists in practical horticulture. It is but a short time since city officials believed that any money spent in getting advice and plans of an architect was wasted. Any builder could, after he was told what were the economical wants of a new building, build it as well as if some theoretical man should plan for it; but at last the beauty and possibilities of architecture have become sufficiently apparent to ensure that great works shall be put into the hands of competent architects to design and superintend them, and consequently our cities are beginning to exhibit a great improvement in the style and beauty of buildings.

In time, the art of landscape gardening will be understood, and men will be encouraged to give patience and thought to learning its details and theories, but hitherto the navy and job gardener have had the work all their own way, and have compelled the landscape gardener to languish for want of work, and to see the public money and opportunities wasted in producing commonplace ugliness. A general knowledge of what Paris has done, which can be read and seen—thanks to the abundant illustrations in Mr. Robinson's book—will do more to educate the public to a conception of what it might and ought to have for its money than any amount of talking, writing, or general theorizing, and we would advise every municipality, which pretends to have even a few law-books for general references on its shelves, to add the "Park Promenades and Gardens of Paris" to the number.

FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.*

THE third volume of Mr. Freeman's Norman Conquest—the chief and central one—will assuredly be welcomed by all who have read the earlier volumes. It possesses the merits and the defects with which Mr. Freeman's readers are already familiar. The graphic narrative; the vigorous imagination, through which the author attains a quick personal sympathy

with the characters and the spirit of the age of which he writes; the careful analysis and calm judgment of authorities; the broad view which makes the history of England tell the contemporary history of Europe as well; these are qualities which warrant us in giving our author a high rank among historians. At the same time, there is a mannerism which gains upon him, far from unpleasing even now, but which might easily develop a nervously affected style; an overfondness for historical parallels; a habit of repeating again and again a favorite idea, or such a phrase as "this year of wonders;" prolixity now and then; proneness to dwell upon the thought and feelings that would be natural under such and such circumstances (see p. 416); and an occasional careless tautology, such as (p. 431) "it was perfectly in *character* that an invader who assumed the *character*," etc. These are slight criticisms, and the faults they note hardly impair one's enjoyment in the book; still, these are just the habits that will grow unpleasantly upon a writer unless he keeps upon his guard.

Apart from these trivial defects of style, we find in the present volume a sort of consciousness, which detracts a little from the freshness and earnestness of the style. It is as if the writer felt that this volume was to be his crowning work, and could never rid himself of a nervous anxiety to be worthy of himself and of his theme.

It has been Mr. Freeman's fault all along that he has loaded his pages with too many names and trivial events. Perhaps this fault is even less apparent in this volume than in the earlier ones; but we cannot help thinking that he strains a point in the account of the battle of Senlac, and tries a little too hard to make out a detailed analysis of tactical movements such as would be practicable for Blenheim or Gettysburg. Undoubtedly we should be glad of such an account, but it is impossible not to feel a little suspicious of some of Mr. Freeman's circumstantiality. For instance, p. 476: "Three generations of that great line (of Godwine) were gathered beneath the standard of its chief. There stood the aged Ælfric (Godwine's brother), with his monk's cowl beneath his helmet. There stood young Hakon, the son of Swegen, atoning for his father's crimes. And closer still than all, the innermost centre of that glorious ring, stood the kingly three (Harold, Gyrth, and Leofwine), brothers in life and death." In a foot-note we find a quotation taken from Wace's "Roman de Rou": "Environ els lor parens furent;" and then follows: "On the strength of this I have ventured to introduce Hakon as well as Ælfric. The abbot undoubtedly was there, and, if Harold had brought Hakon back from Normandy, he would hardly be away." Now, much as we enjoy the picturesque details of the text, it must be confessed that Hakon's presence rests on very weak evidence.

Such an error as this is more of a pity, because the account of the battle is in general very fine, and appears to be grounded upon a better understanding of the authorities than former writers have had. It has been usual to follow Wace in placing the wounding of Harold early in the fight, and the death of Gyrth late—even after that of Harold. Mr. Freeman makes a more probable account by accepting the evidence of Guy of Amiens and the Bayeux Tapestry, so that he places the death of Gyrth and Leofwine before the feigned flight, and Harold's wound only a few moments before his death. This and other matters of detail are fully discussed in the Appendix; and we share Mr. Freeman's regret at being obliged to reject much of the romantic incidents of the battle of Stamford-bridge, which rests only on the late saga of Harold Hardrada. A decisive consideration here, and one very characteristic of Mr. Freeman, is his pointing out that the saga represents the English army "as furnished with a strong force of cavalry and archers,"—that is, as equipped in Snorro's own age, when the English had adopted Norman tactics. In the eleventh century they fought on foot and with battle-axes. We must confess that our author fails to justify his hero for delivering battle at Senlac in the manner he did. Granting—as seems to be made out—that he had all the troops he needed on the spot, it cannot but be admitted that the grave mistake was made of risking the fate of England upon the chances of one pitched battle. Seeing that William had already landed, there was no need of haste in fighting; if William would shortly receive reinforcements, Harold would receive more. By pushing directly against the invader, he did just what that invader wished him to do; and the event justified William's foresight. At any rate, it would seem that common prudence would have provided a reserve, and would have given it in charge to his best officer. We have a discussion of Gyrth's advice that the king should tarry at London, and suffer him to go to meet the invader. No doubt Harold was right in declining this advice; but why not reverse it, and leave Gyrth himself to lead the reserves? It is clear that the

* "The History of the Norman Conquest of England: Its Causes and its Results. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College." Volume III. The Reign of Harold and the Interregnum. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1869. 8vo, pp. 768.

reason England fell so easy a prey after the battle was because she had no head. Now Gyrth seems to have been the born leader she lacked—next to Harold himself, the one man in England best fitted to head her cause. Even Edgar the Atheling might have triumphed with Gyrth for his minister and general. If, then, it is true that we see at Senlac "the old Teutonic tactics carried on that day to perfection by the master skill of Harold," it must appear that the Teutonic tactics were too rude and headstrong to match the Norman—consisted too much in hard knocks. Harold was out-generalled, not out-fought, by William.

Nothing in this volume is finer or more instructive than the relation shown between the Norman conquest of England and the great schemes of the See of Rome. This event was the first grand step in the career of the papacy; once made an arbiter of thrones, it was easy for the pontiff to take new and more arrogant steps. Hildebrand's success against Harold emboldened him to assert his claims against Henry IV., and prepared the way for the astounding presumption of Innocent III. and Innocent IV. The real crime of England, Mr. Freeman says, p. 284, "her crime in the eyes of Rome, the crime to punish which the crusade of William was approved and blessed, was the independence still retained by the island church and nation. . . . It was a policy worthy of William to send to the threshold of the apostles to crave their blessing on his intended work of reducing the rebellious land. And it was a policy worthy of one greater than William himself to make even William, for once in his life, the instrument of purposes yet more daring, yet more far-sighted, than his own. . . . William was sent on an errand which none but William could perform, but of which William himself knew not the full bearing. Under his rule no man could doubt that England would be subject to none but him. With William for her king, she was as little likely to be the unresisting slave of Rome as if Harold himself should continue to guard her. But a seed was sown which was to bear fruit in other times and under weaker rulers. When Rome once took upon her to adjudge the crown of England, the path was opened for that day of shame and sorrow when a descendant of William stooped to receive the crown of England as a fief of Rome."

Again, we are struck with the passage (p. 549) in which William's position is compared with that of Cnut, in such a way as to explain the readiness of the English to accept his rule after the great battle: "We must bear in mind that men were living who could remember how an earlier foreign invader had been changed into an English king, into a king who had won his place among the noblest of England's native worthies. . . . William, in truth, promised better than Cnut in every way. Instead of a half-heathen sea-king, he was the model prince of Europe, the valiant soldier, the wise ruler, the pious son of the church, the prince who, among unparalleled difficulties, had raised his paternal duchy to a state of prosperity and good government which made it the wonder and the envy of Continental lands." But it was precisely because of these qualities—because William was the first prince in Europe, and felt that he had a right to despise the civilization and the institutions of the rude islanders, that he became a cruel and haughty tyrant; while Cnut possessed the teachable humility which made him recognize and gladly accept the higher culture of his new kingdom. After all, Mr. Freeman gracefully recognizes William's work in history, p. 403: "He came, a chief of Danes and Saxons who had fallen from their first love, who had cast away the laws and the speech of their forefathers, but who now came to the Teutonic island to be won into the Teutonic fold, to be washed clean from the traces of their sojourn in Roman lands, and to win for themselves, among the brethren whom they were to meet as momentary enemies, a right to an equal share in the name, the laws, and the glories of Teutonic England."

Poems by George Alfred Townsend. (Washington: Rhodes & Ralph. 1870.)—This volume is, perhaps, better than one might have expected from Mr. Townsend; yet we may see in the poems the same man displaying the same qualities that are shown in the prose which "G. A. T." or "Gath" has written for the newspapers. Impatience of thought, and what seems like fervor of feeling, expressed with a strenuousness and violence of rhetoric, generally bad, that is really fatiguing to the reader, cannot conceal the fact that this writer is a man of mental ability, of some insight and poetic capacity. Perhaps, one thinks, it might be justifiable to prophesy of him that he would one day do some good work, if one could feel sure that he would ever become so chastened in spirit, and so trained in thinking and so well informed, as that he could employ good literary methods in the working-up of a sufficient store of materials.

There is, however, still the doubt, when one is disposed to think best of him, whether he is not of that class of promising beginners who, should they lose the extravagancies that seem to mar certain excellences of nature, would not, with these, lose also what power they have to do anything at all out of the common. And still, if he apparently has next to no taste, and no great knowledge of life, and less knowledge of good literature, so that his volume is full of all sorts of crudities in matter and all sorts of weakness and cheapness of manner, he nevertheless does often seem to show among his rubbish some genuine imaginative capacity, some force of honest feeling, and, what is rarer among our smaller poets, a faith apparently not consciously held, or we should call it a courageous belief, in the poetry that lies about him in the rough common things of the American life with which he is familiar. He is never puling, neither; and if anybody wishes to see "confidence in our America"—confidence reaching forward to the future, and also a confidence which makes the present glow with the light of the greatness that is to be, we advise him to stay his soul with "America the Hunter" and "Wild-cat Junction" respectively.

Wild-cat Junction is a railway station in Illinois, and it is not a nice place:

"A woman in a calico dress, who smokes her pipe as she sits;
A hairy man, in a slouched hat, who whittles and yawns and spits;
A travelling Jew, asleep by the stove, with his head on a carpet-bag;
And the wind a-cursing out of doors like a child-forsaken hag.

"Two railroads chased across a moor by a ghastly lantern's gleam,
The 'bob-tail train' gone howling away like half of a nightmare dream,
The naked station caught between, in the Junction's iron vice,
And one stark gin-mill over the way, with Hoosiers throwing dice."

The poet goes on thus for a few more lines, "wreaking himself on expression" at the expense of the railroads, and then he paints a dismal picture of this region and the people round about:

"God help the brave and sallow folk who farm this Western waste!
The young men withered with the chills; the young girls weary-faced;
The savage children chasing down the lean, lank geese and pigs;
The gaunt wife scolding her old man, who mopes and swears and swigs.

"How lone the cracked and parched world, save when the trains go by!
How lone the river-beds so broad, scorched up and scooped and dry!
How lone the flat, shorn fields of stalks bestrewn with stump and chunk!
How lone the scrubby woods that knew no satyr but the skunk!"

"All year the huddled homes look down the rutted roads of slough;
All life, the stunted, shaggy nags, dejected, munch and plough;"

"Hard lines of cunning avarice the strong men's faces rift,
And garbs and tables primitive and desperate with thrift
Show life, like all the landscapes, stark and starveling as the scope
Of souls immortal, by their greed, but ignorant of hope."

Yet still among these people grow up some wondrous men, who look out and see leading past their plank-built towns "the pilgrimage of Christendom from bondage to the light," and who become filled with a great-hearted spirit of freedom and a faith in humanity. Such was Lincoln—"husks filled his belly, but he saw his father's house afar"—such were Boone and Crockett; and then the poet adjures the West to follow after—

"O West! take heed that in your wealth your leaner dreams come true.
The hopefulness of all the poor is delegate to you"—

not far from a fine couplet, if one knew precisely what it means. But thinking things out is not Mr. Townsend's forte.

Here is one scream from the eagle, which is given in the other piece we have mentioned, and with which we must close our extracts:

"Over the deep comes the crack of the rifle:
The hunter, America, leans on the sun;
Warm on his shoulder the dawn breaks in glory
When o'er the world besides daylight is done;
Straight as the pine-shaft, strong as the rivers,
Trampling a forest, a peak at a stride,
Green leap the farm-lands under his shadow,—
A sea for his mother—a sea for his bride!"

As we have said, we do not feel like prophesying whether our author is ever going to do anything worth doing in literature. He has, perhaps, too long been taking this unthinking, gaudy sort of stuff for tolerable, and more than that, and perhaps it is too late for him to learn restraint and to cultivate his mind and taste. It is not, however, too late for some of his imitators, who have his extravagancies in their finger-ends rather than in their blood, to learn that it is intolerably bad, and to resolve to cease from being "correspondents of eccentricity and genius," and to learn to do well—at least till some impeachment trial, or capture of some new Wilkes Booth, shall release them all again from the yoke of reason.

A better piece than we have mentioned is "The Circuit Preacher," which deals dramatically with the somewhat grotesque but touching

figure of an almost broken-down Methodist preacher, whom the Conference meeting once more condemns to take his sickly family and the discourses on which he prides himself back to the aguish, sandy Eastern Shore of Maryland. This is, indeed, good—weakened, more or less, by its rhetoric, especially by the sonority of that kind of geographical eloquence which so many of our poets have practised—

"Midst foresters of Nanticoke or heathen of Tangiers"—

but on the whole more simple, natural, and effective than anything else in the book; and absolutely as well as relatively good. "The Miracle of the Gargoyles," too, is worth looking at; and worth looking at more than once, perhaps, are the lines entitled "Mother."

. Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books upon the wrapper.

Authors.—Titles.	BOOKS OF THE WEEK.	Publishers.—Prices.
Brinton (Dr. D. G.) and Napheys (Dr. G. H.), Personal Beauty.....	(W. J. Holland)	
Colange (L.), Zell's Popular Encyclopedia, No. 18, swd.....	(T. Ellwood Zell)	\$0 50
Cusack (M. F.), Life of St. Patrick, Parts 1-4, swd.....	(Cath. Pub. Soc.)	1 20
Galton (F.), Hereditary Genius.....	(D. Appleton & Co.)	
Green (H.), Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers.....	(J. W. Bouton)	10 00
Metcalf (R.), Letter and Spirit.....	(Am. Unit. Assn.)	0 60
The Law Almanac for 1870.....	(Hurd & Houghton)	2 00

Fine Arts.

OUR AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETIES.

AMERICAN.

In a former article we spoke of our German musical clubs, their system of organization, the work they accomplished, and the pleasures they enjoyed. In the present one we will refer to the best known of those musical societies of the city composed of Americans.

And first let us say that the great want that we have in this direction is a chorus worthy of the greatness of the metropolis. So many jealousies are and always have been at work that it has seemed impossible to gather together in one body a really strong choral force. We have a sufficiency of good singers, but they have subdivided themselves into little bands, and dissipated their strength without any compensating gain.

We look forward to the time when some man with energy and brains and money for the work will collect together a society capable of performing the great works of the oratorio writers in a fitting manner, and will provide it with a suitable singing-hall. Perhaps the forthcoming Beethoven festival may stimulate the right spirit and help on this desirable end. Meantime Boston, with its noble Handel and Haydn Society, looks almost with derision on our feeble attempts at chorus singing. And we can find our only consolation in referring with pride to the glorious orchestra of the Philharmonic Society, to which no other city in the Union has one at all to compare in numbers or in excellence, and which indeed may even challenge comparison with the Gewandhaus, the Paris Conservatoire, and the other famous orchestras of Europe.

The oldest of our choral societies and the most numerous is the Harmonic. The old Mendelssohn Union was an offshoot from the Harmonic, and the Berge Choral Union is an offshoot from the present Mendelssohn Union—a very fair example of the way in which our clubs dilute their strength. The Harmonic Society was organized in 1852, and has been, during most of its existence, under the leadership of Bristow, Morgan, and Ritter—the last-named being at present the conductor and main-stay of the society. The best gift that this organization brings to the public is the annual performance on Christmas night of the *Messiah*, a noble task persisted in steadfastly for eighteen years. This is about the only public appearance that the society at present makes. They work diligently at the great compositions of the masters at their practice hall, which is the lecture-room of Dr. Crosby's church on Fourth Avenue. Much discouragement exists in the society: firstly, because they cannot get their members to attend rehearsals; and secondly, because the public won't interest itself in oratorio music. This discouragement has extended itself to the conductor, Mr. Ritter, who appeared the other day in the *World* in a very gloomy letter, in which he refers to the many obstacles that he and the society have to contend with. Out of some three hundred members, not more than seventy or eighty can be gathered at the rehearsals, and this

is a chill upon the enthusiasm of those who do come. Heavy fines fail to meet the difficulty, for then the delinquents resign. The Mendelssohn Union languishes under much the same trouble. Last year it received a stimulus from the leadership of Theodore Thomas and the co-operation of his orchestra, and brought out under these auspices some compositions of the highest excellence; but Mr. Thomas and his orchestra having "gone a-roaming," the Union has disappeared from public notice.

The Berge Choral Union is, as we have said, composed of secessionists from the Mendelssohn Union. It is under the direction of Mr. William Berge, the well-known organist of St. Stephen's church, and though not very efficient in point of numbers is full of zeal and of faith in its leader. This society has given but one concert this season, and that took place on the 28th of December, at the Hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. An oratorio by Gounod, entitled *Tobias*, was then brought out for the first time, so far as we are aware, in this country. The president of the association is Mr. John A. Godfrey; its affairs are administered with discretion; and the compositions that are performed are of a high standard, and mostly of a religious character.

The youngest organization devoted to the practice of ecclesiastical music is the Church Music Association. It came into existence the present winter, and gave its first concert on the 12th of January. The other societies of which we have spoken, and indeed the most of those to which we shall refer in this article, are made up of members of the different church choirs of the city; but the Church Music Association has recruited from another class—those of our amateurs of the highest social position. The enterprise was set on foot by some of our most distinguished citizens, and upon the executive committee are the names of ladies equally well known. The chorus is composed of nearly all the most famous of the amateurs of the city, such as Miss Parker, Miss Reed, the Rev. Wm. H. Cooke, Mr. Horace Barry, Mrs. Woolsey Johnson, Mrs. Geo. T. Strong, Mrs. Arthur, Mrs. David Watts, and others of like character. This organization has a wide field entirely to itself, for there are hundreds of amateurs of musical cultivation in this city who have never felt willing to join any chorus that sang for money, or, in other words, to become public singers, but who are only too glad to identify themselves with a society like this, supported by the voluntary subscriptions of the members, giving private concerts, and having only invited audiences. The concerts take place at Steinway Hall. The first one, given on the 12th instant, was undoubtedly, in point at least of the character of the audience, the most brilliant ever known in this city. As the invitations intimated to the guests that they were expected to come in evening dress, the large hall was filled with an audience of unusually brilliant not to say gorgeous appearance. The chorus was even more elaborately dressed than the audience, and the honest German orchestra looked thoroughly astonished to find itself hemmed in between such unaccustomed splendors. The Duke of Wellington used to say that the dandies made, in a fight, his bravest officers; and certainly this chorus in its powdered hair and diamonds sang as valiantly as though it were dressed in homespun, and had come to the concert in an omnibus.

The expenses are defrayed by subscription. Fifty persons formed the nucleus, subscribing one hundred dollars each, and having some twenty-five tickets for each concert and rehearsal, wherewith to invite their friends. The music was Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, and the first part of *Oberon*. The conductor is Dr. James Pech, who received his musical doctorate from Oxford. There are various opinions as to his competency as a conductor, though there is but one as to his energy and good-will. At the rehearsals his frantic shouts at his chorus can be heard over the din of chorus and instruments, and his natural energy even at the concert found expression in beating time with his feet, greatly to the annoyance of his audience and the discomfiture of his orchestra. Mr. Pech has been accustomed to drill refractory choir-boys, and treats the "silken wonders" who compose his chorus much after the fashion that he has applied to the unruly urchins. A German orchestra is always restless under any but a German leader, and so there is some trouble already, and quite probably more brewing, in the would-be harmonious Church Association. Two more concerts are to be given by the society this winter, one on the 1st of March and the other on the 18th of May. At the first, Haydn's *Sixteenth Mass* and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise* are to be performed; at the latter, Beethoven's difficult Mass in C, which will sift the pretensions and capacities of this chorus of the elect to the uttermost, and the second part of *Oberon*.

Several of our leading teachers of music have clubs under their direction. The most conspicuous of these are those under the charge severally

of Mr. Rivarde, Mr. Abella, and Mr. Mosenthal. This last gentleman, who is the accomplished organist of Calvary church, has the direction of two clubs, one for mixed voices, the moving spirits in which are ladies, and which is to make its first public appearance at a concert to be given at the Christian Association Rooms on the 29th of this month, for some charity, and will then sing some of Mendelssohn's four-part songs and a cantata by Spohr.

The other association is composed of male voices alone, and is known as the Mendelssohn Glee Club. This society consists of about thirty singing members and seventy-five subscribers. They give four concerts during the winter to invited guests. Mr. Mosenthal has brought the club to a high point of finish, and has made them formidable rivals of the Liederkrantz and the Arion, which societies they equal in the delicacy of their singing, though the superior numbers of the Germans give them otherwise a great advantage. The music performed by the Mendelssohn Glee Club consists entirely of German four-part songs, though English versions of the words are used instead of the original. The next concert of this society takes place on the 26th of this month at Lyric Hall. The club is usually assisted by some distinguished amateur vocalist and a pianist.

The Eight o'Clock Club—so called from its hour of assembling—is under the direction of Signor Abella. Its rehearsals are held at the private houses of the members. Miss Chapman is the President of the Club, Mr. Pierrepont Edwards (English Vice-Consul) is the Vice-President, Dr. Mason the Secretary, and Signor Martinez (an artist of some distinction) the Treasurer. This society confines itself mostly to the Italian school of music. They give three concerts this winter, the first of which is to take place on the 26th of this month, the other two later in the season. Some admirable soloists belong to the Eight o'Clock Club, and their concerts, to which only invited guests are admitted, are of a very select and social character, and, like those of the Mendelssohn Glee Club, have all the characteristics of private drawing-room concerts on a large scale.

The Rivarde Club is under the leadership of the well-known teacher of vocal music whose name it bears. It consists mostly of those who are, or who at one time have been, his pupils. The club has shown great enterprise, and last year organized an orchestra, partly amateur and

partly professional, which accompanied the soloists and play overtures by Mozart, Auber, and other composers. The concerts are on a very extensive scale, and are given at Apollo Hall. About two thousand invitations are issued to each concert. As in the case of the Church Music Association, the Mendelssohn Glee Club, and the Eight o'Clock Club, cards of admission are obtainable only for love, not money. Many of Mr. Rivarde's pupils have shown great proficiency and talent, and have made the concerts of the club of a greater excellence than most of the public concerts given in the city. It is always a pleasure for a vocalist to sing with an orchestra: it sustains the voice so admirably and supports the singer in every way, and this advantage the members of this club have over all the others.

It remains only to say a word about our madrigal clubs. Of these, unfortunately, there are two where there should be but one. The same lack of unity and the same feelings of jealousy that have disintegrated our oratorio societies have broken the madrigal society into two parts. One half is singing under the direction of Dr. Brown, an eminent homoeopathic physician, and besides the madrigals is rehearsing the fine "Antigone" music written by Mendelssohn to the Sophocles tragedy; while the other half, under the leadership of Mr. James A. Johnson, gave on Tuesday evening a concert at Steinway Hall, consisting of an admirably selected programme of these enjoyable fresh vigorous old works.

It will readily be seen from the brief account we have given of our amateur clubs that there is a great deal of musical talent in this city, and that it is crystallizing into forms that will lead to great pleasure for those who participate as well as for those who listen. It is worthy of remark that none of these clubs are led by Americans, which is another evidence of what we said in a former article that people here were simply in a state of pupillage as to music. Most of the clubs we have named have sprung up within a few years, and it is reasonable to suppose that as musical taste is fostered, encouraged, and developed more will follow. The tendency of them all is excellent. They cultivate a taste for a high class of music, they substitute a refined and rational mode of enjoyment for endless dancing parties, they bring people of similar tastes into closer social contact, strengthen the bonds of friendship, and in every way are a help to culture of every kind.

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